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R. TAYLOR

"SEEKING FORTUNE."—BY M. CHEVALIER.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not often that a newspaper takes to dreaming, indulging in thoughts of an earthly paradise, building a castle in Spain with type, or an "ivory gate" with the unpromising materials at its command. If it did dream, one would imagine that it would do so on its own account. But an American journal has had a golden vision for the benefit of that most deserving object, the magazine editor. Why, it inquires, with a noble burst of indignation, does that much-put-upon individual give us his opinion upon the literary merits of his unsuccessful contributions for nothing? It is not in the bond. The contributor proposes, the editor rejects, and there is an end, or rather there ought to be. What this admirable paper suggests is that a fee should be exacted for the opinion, as is the case with every other profession. Moreover, it should be paid in advance. "Let the aspiring author send in an entrance fee with his contribution." O wise and upright judge! If one "left it to the gentleman" (like the cabman) after he had got his MS. back, no matter with what laborious and valuable criticism, I am afraid the pecuniary contribution would be small indeed. As a general rule, he does not even remit the postage. "Quick returns and small profits" would be a motto apt enough in such a case, but by no means involving commercial success.

The picture drawn of the poor magazine editor as he is should evoke a tear from every feeling heart. "He sits on the top floor of a high building, surrounded by the unexciting story, the uninteresting travel, the unmusical poem," and the only sound that breaks upon his ear is the tread of the postman bringing more of them. He sits up to his knees in unacceptable MSS., as Fox and his gambling friends used to sit in cards. On the table beside him lie two or even perhaps three per cent of contributions that are "suitable to our columns": it is for the selection of these that he receives his salary. The ninety-seven other papers are to him valueless, though to their authors they are dearer than gold, or even notes. In case of rejection—"a contingency, however, they can hardly conceive to be possible"—they all request a note, "if not of criticism, at least of explanation." The language of some of them is indeed almost a challenge to the tented field; and there is little doubt that at the moment of rejection, when the well-known MS. reappears at their door, the editor's blood would be an acceptable sacrifice. It is to these people, as well of course as to the much milder ones, that that tender-hearted creature is moved to give his reasons, and, as the New York paper indignantly puts it, *for nothing*. (Why should not I give its honoured name? It is the *Tribune*. "No *Tribune* breathes the word of might," says the poet, "which guards the weak from wrong": but the poet is mistaken.) Its notion is that ten per cent of the sum the contributor would have received if his article had been accepted would be an appropriate fee for an opinion. Noble and generous thought, but not the least likely to be realised. "If a contributor hasn't confidence enough in his effort to back it with a small percentage of what he stands a chance to win, let him use it to start the moving fire." Brave words indeed! He has confidence enough, confound him! but, like the schoolboy who would "take his dying oath" to a fact but would not bet sixpence, he would never hazard the percentage. Still, let the *Tribune* have its due: it is pleasant to feel that even up in the tip-top storey (with stories that are far from being tip-top) the poor magazine editor is not only not overlooked (which, indeed, his position forbids) but has attracted the eye of pity.

The most welcome visitor to a school—when we were young—was the measles. Those who caught it were not to be pitied (for it was not like smallpox, and better than lessons), and those who didn't were taken away from fear of infection. I knew a boy to whom this happy fortune happened three times; but it exhausted his luck, and eventually he became an art critic. In Troy, N.Y., a providential interposition of this kind has taken the shape of a plague of fleas. There were "millions of them," we are told, "in every department." The hours of the night were passed as in seaside lodging-houses—

Three in itching, three in scratching,  
Two in hunting, none in catching.

The day boys took them home in their clothes. Sulphur was burnt, carbolic acid was sprinkled; but nothing came of it but smells. As a native writer observes on another subject, they seem only to have "roused the fleas' ambition." The school has been broken up. Why should American boys be thus favoured? The poor English schoolboy never gets emancipated by insects. He is sometimes "sent away with a flea in his ear"; but that is not emancipation—it is disgrace.

An authorised advocate of the music-hall interest has written to the papers to say that if, instead of the rapid, vulgar, and even vicious ballads that are now sung at these places of amusement, "we could get songs of humour and pathos, we should be only too glad to welcome them." In such a connection it can hardly be thought sordid to suggest that some pecuniary effort should be made to attain this desirable result. Some of the best of Douglas Jerrold's dramas were written in response to a competitive offer. They were prize plays. Why should not the music-hall proprietors, who spend thousands in garish display, show a bona-fide desire to improve their bill of fare by making a small outlay in this direction? However deplorable may be the present lack of poetic genius of the more exalted kind, no one can doubt, who knows anything of the subject, that there never was so much literary talent of a humbler order at the public service. In any notice of "minor minstrels" now-a-days there are always songs to be found with spirit and vigour in them which half a century ago would have sufficed to make a name. It would surely be as easy to offer a few prizes for good songs as to express "an earnest desire for the moral elevation of our public," and would not cost very much more.

It is curious, considering how common is the possession of physical strength, how very few persons have made a living from the exhibition of it. The success of the Modern Samson is quite phenomenal. It is a hundred and fifty years ago since the Royal Society interested themselves in the feats of Mr. Thomas Topham, which "drew" not only that learned body but many "ladies and gentlemen of the highest quality" to Islington. He bent pokers that bore a strain of two thousand weight, and rolled up pewter dishes with his fingers; "he laid the back of his head on one chair and his feet on the other, and suffering four men on his body moved them up and down at pleasure," and finally, "to oblige the public," lifted a table six feet long with his teeth with half a hundredweight hanging at the bottom end of it. With all these attractive attributes it is sad to have to record that the wife of this Samson proved a Delilah, and in a fit of jealousy he stabbed her and then himself.

Feats in connection with the movement of the muscles seem to have been unknown to Mr. Topham; but at the beginning of the century there was a man called Daniel Cuerton, who appears to have been the prototype of the Davenport Brothers, and all the more cunning athletes of that stamp. If there were "twenty persons in the company he would appear the largest or the smallest man across the chest," so that the coat of a boy of fourteen years of age would perfectly fit him. He could compress and expand himself in such an amazing manner that the same measure would now just go round his chest, and now round that of three other men and himself as well. There can be little doubt that Nature has given this faculty, in a greater or less degree, to many persons, and that it is capable of development by practice. Even horses possess it, and are called "artful" when they use it to avoid being tightly girthed.

Only one lady, so far as I know, has distinguished herself as an athlete, and that in a very modest and wholesome way. Miss Phoebe Boun, of Matlock, never made an exhibition of herself in any sense, but William Hutton, in one of his tours, speaks of her with wonder as well as praise. "Her step (at thirty) was very manly, and could cover forty miles a day." She could lift a hundredweight with each hand, and, with the wind in her face, send her voice a mile. "She could knit, cook, and spin, but hated them all with every accompaniment to the female character except modesty." If any gentleman made a mistake as to this latter attribute she knocked him down. She could hold the plough, drive the team, and thatch the rick, but her chief avocation was breaking in horses, without a saddle, at a guinea a week. She was an excellent shot and a great reader; fond of Shakspeare, and, doubtless, also of the musical glasses, since she played the bass viol in Matlock Church.

Why are the ladies so angry—and especially the ladies of the stage, from whom one would expect less conventional ideas—with the ladies who smoke? I have a hideous suspicion that they fear this accomplishment will make those who possess it more agreeable to the other sex. But will it? I venture to think they are mistaken. Far be it from me to suggest that man has taken up with smoking as a means of self-defence, to enable him to withdraw himself on occasion from female society, but it certainly does afford the poor creature that protection. Whatever advantage a few reckless young gentlemen may fancy they discern in the matter, the great majority of males will stand aghast should half the ladies proceed to the smoking-room after dinner, instead of trooping upstairs to the drawing-room by themselves. Their society is always attractive, but there are still a few subjects which are not common between us and them, and are especially not likely to be common, such as politics and religious speculation, in the case of those ladies who see an emancipator (or shall we say an emancipatrix?) in the cigarette. I notice even when a lady traveller protests that she has no objection to a smoking-carriage the aborigines of the compartment generally object, though it may be without protesting.

As a humble professor of literature, it is a sad disappointment to me to find that it was some other gentleman of that name, and not Mr. Walter Besant, who has been striving to be a Common Councilman. People have asked—as though persons connected with letters had no right to have respectable ambitions—How the dence came he in that galley? Well, because (as I thought) he wanted to distinguish himself. The galley in question might have been the first step to the Lord Mayor's bench. It would have taken some time, of course; but he might have been an Alderman and a Sheriff (literature and sheriff's officers have been connected before, but in another fashion)—

Till, nobly worn his fur-trimmed robe,  
His lavish mission richly wrought,

he would have stood for the Chief Magistracy of the City. Even to have done that would have been something: 'tis better to have stood for such a post and lost than never to have stood at all; but suppose—say at ninety or ninety-five—he'd got it! The reproach of poverty, of indifferent nutriment, of Bohemianism, would have been in that case removed from the literary calling for ever. The voice of slander would have been hushed. 'Tis true Savage slept on a bunk, and Steele was acquainted with a sponging-house; but, on the other hand, how the average would have been restored by the Right Honourable Walter Besant, Lord Mayor of London!

"The Pariah," by the author of "Vice Versa," is not, as many persons will wish it had been, written upon the same fancy lines as that immortal volume; it will in places make the tears run down your cheeks, but not with laughter; if you smile at it, it will often be on the wrong side of your mouth. There will be disappointment on that account, no doubt, but it is, nevertheless, a remarkable novel. The idea of it is quite original. In an early novel of Bulwer's (I think "Devereux")

the hero of the story turns out at the very last, and to the astonishment of all beholders, the villain. It is still more skilfully contrived that the "Pariah," though vulgar and contemptible in many ways, succeeds in a perfectly natural manner in attracting the sympathies of the reader. The characters are drawn with a firm hand, and there is certainly nothing to complain of on the score of extenuation. The story is a great advance upon "The Giant's Robe," and, if it had been the author's first work, would have made a reputation for him: this is a waste, because so many of us are in want of a reputation, and Mr. Anstey has a very good one already.

## THE COURT.

The Queen takes walks and drives daily around Balmoral, undeterred by weather which would keep many ladies indoors. Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family on Oct. 11. The Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal of Scotland, and Chaplain to the Queen, with Mr. Henry Cadogan, were included in the Royal dinner party. On the 12th the Queen went out in the morning with Princess Beatrice, and met Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife in the grounds on their way to Duff House. Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica, drove in the afternoon to Invercauld, and honoured Lady Borthwick with a visit. Viscount Cross and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maude had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Sunday morning, the 13th, divine service was conducted at the Castle by Dr. Cameron Lees, in the presence of her Majesty, the Royal family, and the household. Viscount Cross and Dr. Cameron Lees dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Braemar received a Royal visit on the 14th, the Queen and Royal party driving into the town in two open carriages. In the first was her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Frederica and the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson of Pitfour, while the second contained Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Hon. Minnie Cochrane. After a fresh relay of horses had been obtained from a local inn, the journey was continued along the Linn of Dee road to the Colonel's Cave, in Gleneye, where a short stay was made previous to the return to Balmoral. The weather was magnificent. The Queen held a Council on the 15th further to prorogue Parliament from November to February, when both Houses will meet for business. Mr. Henry Chaplin was sworn in President of the new Board of Agriculture, and kissed hands upon his appointment to that office.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and daughters, left Fredensborg Castle on the evening of Oct. 12. They were accompanied to the railway station by the King and Queen, the Czarina, and the Princesses and Princesses. After a cordial farewell, the illustrious guests proceeded by the 6.45 p.m. Royal saloon car to Copenhagen, where they arrived at 7.35. At the railway terminus they were met by the British, German, Russian, and Italian Ministers, the Prime Minister of Denmark, the Court dignitaries, and local authorities. After a short stay they left, en route to Athens.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived on Oct. 11 at Schwerin, on a visit to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, at the Castle of Ludwigslust.

The Duke of Teck, Princess Hélène d'Orléans, and Princess Victoria of Teck visited the Haymarket Theatre on the 14th.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife, on the 12th, proceeded from Mar Lodge, Braemar, to Banff, on a visit to Duff House, his Grace's principal seat. Great preparations had been made at Banff and neighbourhood to give the Duke and Duchess a cordial welcome.

The Queen has forwarded her annual subscription of £50 to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, of which her Majesty is patron.

The four farewell appearances of young Otto Hegner have taken place at St. James's Hall—previous to his departure for America. On the third of these occasions the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society (conducted by Mr. G. Mount) co-operated in the programme. Young Hegner's remarkable powers were displayed in Chopin's pianoforte concerto in E minor and several smaller unaccompanied pieces. Vocal solos were contributed by Miss Nikita and Herr M. Heinrich. The last of the farewell appearances was a recital, on Oct. 12, when the youthful artist's programme comprised pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt.

The School Board for London reassembled on Oct. 10, and the Chairman (the Rev. J. R. Diggle) made his annual statement in reference to the finances of the Board, the attendance of children, and the accommodation provided. Subsequently he moved that Mr. Conybeare should be informed by the Clerk that he had ceased to be a member of the Board. A long and excited discussion ensued, Mr. Conybeare claiming to make an explanation, which the Chairman refused to allow. Ultimately the hon. gentleman was permitted to address the Board, and he urged that he had not been convicted of a "crime" which would have vacated his seat, but only of an "offence" under the Crimes Act. The debate was adjourned.

The *Times* of Oct. 14 devoted nearly four columns of its space to a description of a new mercantile trading company which has been formed with the object of developing an important part of South Africa, and for which a charter is about to be granted. The "body politic and corporate" in whose names the charter has been drawn are the Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Fife, Lord Gifford, Cecil John Rhodes, Albert Beit, Albert Henry George Grey, and George Cawston. The sphere of operations of the company will be that region of South Africa lying immediately to the north of British Bechuanaland, and to the north and west of the South African Republic (the Transvaal) and to the west of the Portuguese dominions.

An exhibition of fine printing, under the auspices of the British Typographia, was opened on Oct. 14 in the Stationers' Hall by the Lord Mayor. The exhibition is an exceedingly interesting one, and includes specimens of British, German, French, Austrian, and American printing. Mr. H. H. Bemrose, the president of the British Typographia, remarked that on the Continent technical schools had been formed with the view to improve the art of printing. In Great Britain we were behind in this respect, and the object of the exhibition was to assist the movement started in this country to provide technical instruction in regard to printing. The Lord Mayor said he had been painfully conscious for some time that we were behind Germany, Austria, and the United States in the art of printing. He did not think that the printers *per se* were to blame for this, but that there might be a lack of enterprise among those who were behind them. We had no right to be behind any other country in this respect, as our printing ought to be consistent with the great commercial character of Great Britain. A vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress for being present concluded the proceedings.



## PALM TO PALM.

When one meets or parts with one's friend, or the man who one hopes may some day be one's friend, one feels the need of an outward form of greeting, of a special and significant rite or ceremony (so to speak) expressive of one's feelings and appropriate to the occasion. This has been acknowledged by all nations in all ages, and a kind of normal mode of salutation has obtained, I think, in every country. For example, the Anglo-Saxon—if Mr. Freeman will allow me to use a term that is convenient, though not strictly scientific—the Anglo-Saxon always and everywhere "shakes hands." It is the traditional habit of the race. He shakes hands in the Australian bush, in the backwoods of Canada, on the Western prairies, in the shadow of Cheops' pyramid, among the groves of Tahiti. When Stanley and Livingstone had their famous interview in the heart of Africa, the first thing that occurred to them was to shake hands. Now, we are a progressive people, and, as a natural consequence, this hand-shaking custom has undergone, in the course of centuries, a remarkable development. At first we may suppose that everybody shook hands in exactly the same fashion; but that was when men's views of things were limited, and their conceptions of philosophy vague and narrow. As their intellectual perceptions extended they came to see that hand-shaking was capable of much subtle refinement; that it could be made to interpret various shades of sentiment, from indifference or even aversion up to frank cordiality or fond affection. So that, by degrees, the following leading methods seem to have been worked out and established: (1) the Arctic Salute, in which the reluctantly extended hands engage with the coldness of a couple of icebergs temporarily drifted together by the current; (2) the Careless Fling, when the fingers touch as if by some quite unexpected accident; (3) the Effusive Grapple, when your palm is enveloped in a generous comprehension, like Amelia Sedley's in Captain William Dobbin's; (4) the Flabby Flop, when one chilly hand drops limp and flaccid into another not less chilly, limp, and flaccid, like Uriah Heep's, which was "as ghostly to the touch as to the sight"; (5) the Wormlike Wriggle, when a person's fingers seem to squirm in your honest pressure as if they wanted to wriggle into nothingness; (6) the Courteous Caress, which is fragrant with the essence of fine breeding; and (7) the Hand-and-Heart Shake, which is frankness and cordiality itself—a manly pledge of fidelity, and a guarantee of truthfulness.

The art of hand-shaking has, however, various manifestations; and side by side with those I have briefly described may be placed the distinctions indicated by Charles Lamb. Thus he speaks of the Cordial Grapple, a rough boisterous shake of the "other fellow's" dexter, very useful for travellers. Diametrically opposed to it is what he calls the Peter Grievous Touch—a passive, languid junction, followed by a "mild sub-sultory motion," warranted capable of depressing the gayest spirit—the sort of hand-shake permissible to a lawyer and his client. Under the Tourniquet Shake many of my readers have probably writhed. It is much affected by the directors of wobbling companies in their interviews with inquisitive shareholders, and by candidates for Parliamentary honours when canvassing "the free and enlightened." We must not forget the Pump-handle Shake, which is executed by seizing the sufferer's hand and working it up and down through an arc of fifty degrees for about a minute and a half; or the Pendulum Shake, which is of somewhat similar character, but the hands are moved in a horizontal instead of a perpendicular direction. And we may add to these the Cosmopolitan, which is much affected by people of effusive temper with an ambition to be known as jolly, good-hearted fellows. When one of these first applies to your palm the enthusiastic grip of his plump fingers, or, in his fervour, takes your hand into the custody of both of his as if he would never let it go again, you are naturally pleased, if a little surprised, at this evidence of sudden friendship; but, as Leigh Hunt remarks, a sense of disgust and vexation succeeds when you observe that he salutes with equal ardour Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Your self-esteem suffers when you find that instead of being singled out for special attention you are placed on exactly the same level with everybody else.

Lavater thinks that the habit of saluting brings out the traits of individual disposition: "In nothing," he says, "do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting and salutation." And, no doubt, the different modes of hand-shaking which we have attempted to define are differently applied by different persons. Some of them are more congenial to us than others; and, again, we are led by the influence of our dominating qualities to modify them to suit our individual selves. We may be quite sure that Steele and Addison, for instance, did not shake hands alike: the geniality of honest Dick would necessarily assert itself, in contrast to the courteous frigidity of the husband of the Countess of Warwick. How different the warm true clasp of Johnson to the nervous touch of the elegant Chesterfield! What manly sincerity inspired the greeting of Sidney Smith! Of how strenuous and serious a grip was Carlyle capable! For my part, I like people to shake hands as if they meant it; not as if it were an unwilling concession to the proprieties, or a matter-of-course observance of an artificial fashion. When Pomposo puts out two or three fingers to meet your outstretched hand, your proper course is not to see them. There must be a reciprocity in this sort of thing: if fervour do not respond to fervour, let coldness be met by coldness. You must not give if you have nothing to receive. But, again, circumstances will considerably affect the method of your greeting. How refuse a cordial hearty grasp when Alexis tells you, with a beaming face, that Delia has consented to be his? The grasp will be still heartier, if graver and sadder, when a friend pours into your ear the story of a deep affliction. The brisk lively shake with which you cry "Ave!" as he departs on a journey from which he may never return. You don't clasp the soft sweet hand of the "beloved one" with the force and vigour you bestow on the paw of the Tommy Traddles of your schoolboy amities. No; the outward and visible sign changes with the inward emotion.

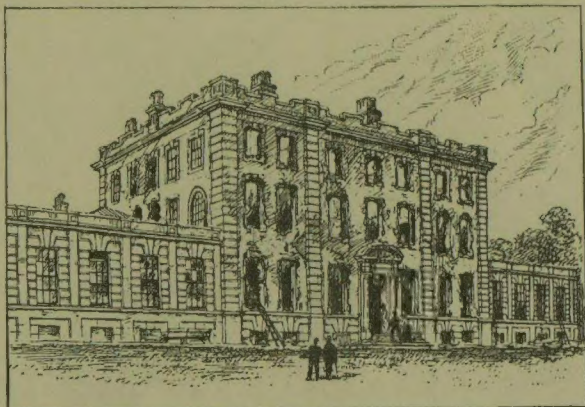
Other climes, other manners. The Papuan, as a sign of goodwill and friendship, places on his hands the leaves of trees. "Tis a pretty custom, but hardly possible in a land cursed with six months of leaflessness. The Philippine Islander takes your hand or foot and gently rubs his face with it, which is pleasanter for the person saluted, one would think, than for the person saluting. The Laplander rubs noses, applying his proboscis, not too gently, to that of the man he delights to honour. The objections to this method are obvious: only think of the consequences when a fine Roman, like that of Miss Tox, "stupendously aquiline, with a little knob in the very centre or keystone of the bridge," comes in contact with a shrinking, tiny snub! Oh, horror! Considerations of decency may be urged against the Ethiopian custom of taking a friend's robe and tying it about your own waist, leaving your friend "out in the cold"; though in civilised countries this free-and-easy style of dealing

with other people's property is not unknown. The Japanese, it is said, takes off his slipper, and the Araucanian his sandals, when they wish to be civil. The dusky potentates who, in second-hand uniforms and with old umbrellas, play at Royalty on the Guinea coast, salute by snapping the middle finger three times. And so on—and so on. On the whole, the hand-shaking form of salutation seems the most natural, dignified, and expressive, although Othello's complaint is not less true now, perhaps, than in times past, that the new heraldry is "hands, not hearts."

W. H. D.-A.

## BAGINTON HALL, WARWICKSHIRE.

On Monday, Oct. 7, Baginton Hall, near Coventry, was the scene of a destructive fire. The Hall is the property of Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., Capesthorpe, Chelford, Cheshire, and is the ancestral home of the Bromley family, the manor having been purchased in the reign of James I. by William Bromley, whose grandson was one of the members for Warwickshire and also Speaker of the House of Commons. Singularly enough, the old house was burnt down on Dec. 21, 1706, and it is said to have been rebuilt from funds voted by the House of Commons, though this report, which is generally received, is declared by some



BAGINTON HALL, WARWICKSHIRE, AFTER THE FIRE.

authorities to be apocryphal. The new house, which was built near to the old site, was a handsome and spacious structure forming a square block, in stone, four storeys high, including the basement, and was in the Queen Anne style, on the parapet on the west front being the inscription, "Dii Patrii, servate domum, 1714." It occupied a commanding position, with extensive views of well-wooded, undulating country, and it is stated that Queen Anne herself visited the new house and planted a cedar-tree on the east lawn. Baginton Hall has lately been occupied by Mr. W. Stead Armitage, who had taken it on a lease. Little remains but the bare walls. The pictures, much of the furniture, and the contents of the library were saved.

## THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO AT TANGIER.

While the port and city of Tangier, within a few hours' voyage by steamer from Gibraltar, may be easily visited by European tourists, the Mussulman Sovereign of Morocco, styled Sultan or Emperor, has seldom in modern times deigned to show his sacred person at Tangier. The recent apparition of this African Mohammedan potentate, with an army of 25,000 men, on the shore of his dominions opposite to the coast of Spain, may be an incident of some interest to diplomatists who speculate on the future destinies of Morocco, but does not seem to threaten an intended reconquest of Granada by Moorish valour, and the uplifting of the standard of the Crescent in Southern Europe. Sir W. Kirby Green, the excellent British Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary residing at Tangier, had the most friendly communications with his Majesty; and there were two of her Majesty's ships, of the Mediterranean Squadron—namely, H.M.S. Phaeton, commanded by Captain W. H. C. St. Clair; and H.M.S. Fearless, Captain Reginald Carey Brenton—along with a Spanish naval squadron, peacefully lying in the harbour, and greeting the Sovereign with all the honours of a grand salute fired by their guns, out of respect to an Imperial ally of both nations.

An officer of H.M.S. Phaeton, Lieutenant A. H. Smith-Dorrien, has favoured us with two Sketches; one being a scene in the Emperor's camp, with the ships in the distance; the other is that of Sir W. Kirby Green, with Captain St. Clair, presenting the naval officers to his Majesty, who has his Grand Vizier standing at his left hand. "The Emperor," we are told, "takes great interest in our ships, which he sees from his palace; but it is not etiquette for him to come on board, although he would like to do so. Our torpedo-boats have been running frequently for his special benefit, and he seems to take delight in watching their movements. Every night the electric light from the ships is played on the palace; and this is a novelty that amuses him and his eighty-five wives immensely. He has asked to see a British force of bluejackets and marines to be landed, which is considered a great sign of his friendship."

In spite of heavy rain and a thick mist, a field-day was held on Wimbledon Common on Oct. 11, when there was the largest assembly of regular troops seen near the Metropolis for several years past.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava was on Oct. 12 presented with the freedom of the burgh of Kirkcaldy. The ceremony took place in the Corn Exchange, which was crowded. Lord Dufferin was accompanied by the Marchioness of Dufferin, Mr. Monro Ferguson, M.P., his son-in-law, and others. The Burgess ticket was inclosed in a silver casket. Lord Dufferin was entertained at a public banquet in the evening.

At Manchester on Oct. 12 the fourth annual conference of the Institute of Journalists was held, under the presidency of Mr. H. G. Reid. The report presented showed an encouraging advance in the roll of membership, and it was stated that the petition for the incorporation of the institute by Royal charter was now before her Majesty in Council. Alderman Batty, the Mayor of Manchester, and the Lord Mayor of London were present, the former welcoming the delegates. The latter made a brief speech on the important work which journalists performed. He warmly commended the object of the institute. The conference dinner was held in the evening at the Victoria Hotel. Colonel Sowler, the president-elect, occupied the chair, and about 150 guests were present, including Mr. H. H. Howarth, M.P. (who responded for the Houses of Parliament), Mr. Conncillor Thompson, representing the Corporation of Manchester, and Mr. H. G. Reid, who acknowledged the toast of "The Institute of Journalists."

## THE TERRITORY OF ULLAGH.

The "cold, black North" is a common phrase; but nothing can be more misleading. The people of the North of Ireland are not cold. I experienced in one year more hospitality of a generous, considerate character in that region than I have in five in the so-called "Sunny South." Thrift, industry, and steady application have made Belfast the commercial capital of Ireland. If the word "black" refers to the scenery, the term is equally inapplicable. Land in the north is certainly not as rich as in many parts of the south, but superior cultivation has made it far more productive. The best mineral wealth of Ireland lies in the north; the most valuable coal-fields are to be found in Antrim and Tyrone: most of the southern coal-fields are bituminous, and consequently of less value. In the distant ages Ireland was a wooded country, and, though stripped of her grand old forests, some fine wood still exists in the parks and demesnes of the gentry.

To descend to trifles, there is no part of Ireland where the art of raising hedges is better understood than in the county of Down, anciently known as the territory of Ullagh, Latinised into Ulidia. Long before the Christian era a colony of Norsemen settled here, and soon became incorporated with the natives. This process of absorbing into their ranks all settlers is remarkable. The English invaders after a short residence became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Even the descendants of Cromwell's troopers after forty years' residence were unable to speak English. The old families of Ullagh, or Down, were the O'Neals, McCartans, McGlennies, McGilmores, Dunleves, and Slut Kelys. They held possession of this tract of land up to the reign of James I.—fighting men who had a fine free way of dealing with their neighbours' wives and cattle, and who generally adjusted their little differences with the sword's point before the race of lawyers put in an appearance. The Boromean pledge, an annual tribute of cattle to the Ard-Reigh, was a perpetual source of bloodshed between the heads of the Septs. A story is told of Prince Leoghaire, who was involved in a war with the men of Leinster: the Connaught troops were defeated, and the Prince made prisoner. He was, however, liberated on his taking the ancient and solemn oath of his forefathers, called the oath of the "sun, wind, and elements." The pledge he gave was that during the remainder of his life he would never claim payment of the tribute. Within a few months the Prince violated this agreement, and commenced an attack on his old enemies. A short time afterwards his body, charred with lightning, was found on the mountains. His subjects believed that the elements had conspired in his destruction, to revenge the slight he had put upon them by the breach of his oath. As his death was long foreshadowed by the wise men, the grim old Pagan left instructions that his body should be clothed in armour and interred on the outer rampart of Tara with his face towards the camp of the Leinster men. He was their enemy in life, and he wished to continue so in death. The Royal rath still stands, a memorial of that old warlike period which has faded into the mists of history.

The magnificent range of the Mourne Mountains, extending from Dundrum to Carlingford Bay, is one of the finest physical features of the North. In this range there is an infinite variety of beautiful landscapes; the mountains rise gradually to a great elevation, terminating in the towering peaks of Sleive Donnard and Sleive Croob—the former 2796 ft. above the level of the sea, and the latter forming a sharp spur from a shoulder of the mountain 964 ft. On a clear day, Sleive Donnard can be seen from the mountains of Dublin. One of the most remarkable caverns in Ireland is to be found on the summit of Sleive Croob: it is eighty yards round the base and fifty on the top, forming the largest monument of the kind in the country. Ashes and bones have been found there, and an earthen lamp, ornamented with curious figures, the designs being more indecent than elegant. In a bog close at hand was discovered a plate of gold shaped like a half-moon: the metal was pure, and the workmanship excellent. Gold exists in Ireland as in the olden time. Specimens of the workmanship and metal are still preserved in the Dublin Museum.

The Bann and Lagan are the two great rivers of the North: in the bed of the former pearls have been found, and the fossil remains of the moose deer in several places. The county of Down has many remarkable features. It was here that St. Patrick founded the Abbey of Saul, where the saint is supposed to have been buried, and where also the remains of St. Bridget and St. Columbkille—the two other tutelar saints of Ireland—were interred. It is remarkable also as being the first place in Ireland where frogs were seen, the cause and manner of their introduction being wholly unknown.

The scenery all round the beautiful Lake Coyne, now known as Strangford Lough, is equal in beauty to any of the Italian lakes. It is studded with islands richly wooded: six of them are inhabited, and many of them are crowned with the ruins of old castles, which mark the path of the warriors of the past. There are also some fine round-towers. I regret to say that one of those ancient simple edifices, which so pleasingly accentuate the lovely landscape, was pulled down by Vandals in 1790 to build the Cathedral of Down. This was done in the name of religion, and there was not a man in Ireland to cry shame on the desecration. There are many legends connected with this lovely waveless lake adding enchantment to its history. Fergus, King of the Red Branch Knights, son of the beautiful Maev, Queen of Connaught, one day happened to surprise a fairy, and forced him, in exchange for his liberty, to give him power to pass under lakes and rivers. The power was granted, this lake alone excepted. Of course the King longed to penetrate the forbidden water; and one day, when driving by, he left his chariot and plunged in. When he came out, his face had become distorted by the sight of a gruesome monster which lived below the water. "How do I look?" asked he of his charioteer. "Thy aspect is not good, but sleep will restore thee," was the answer. The false charioteer hastened to Emania and told the wise men of the King's blemish. The law in Emania was that no King should rule who was not in all points perfect. The wise men were troubled, and, because they loved Fergus, agreed to have his house cleared so that neither fools nor idiots should reproach him with his defect. Even his bath was filled with muddy water that he might not see his shadow. For three years the King knew not what had befallen him; but one day it fell out that he bade his slave prepare his bath, and, deeming her slow, rebuked her, whereupon she reproached him with his blemish. In a burst of anger he clove her head in two with his sword, then rushed out and plunged into the lake, wherein he encountered the monster (Muirhdas). Bubbles rose to the surface of the lake from the contest which was taking place, and the noise was heard far into the land. For a day and a night the fight went on: on the second day Fergus came up, holding the head of the monster in his hand and shouting, "I am victor, O men of Ulster!" Then, sinking, he died; and, for a month afterwards, the lake was red with the blood of the combatants.

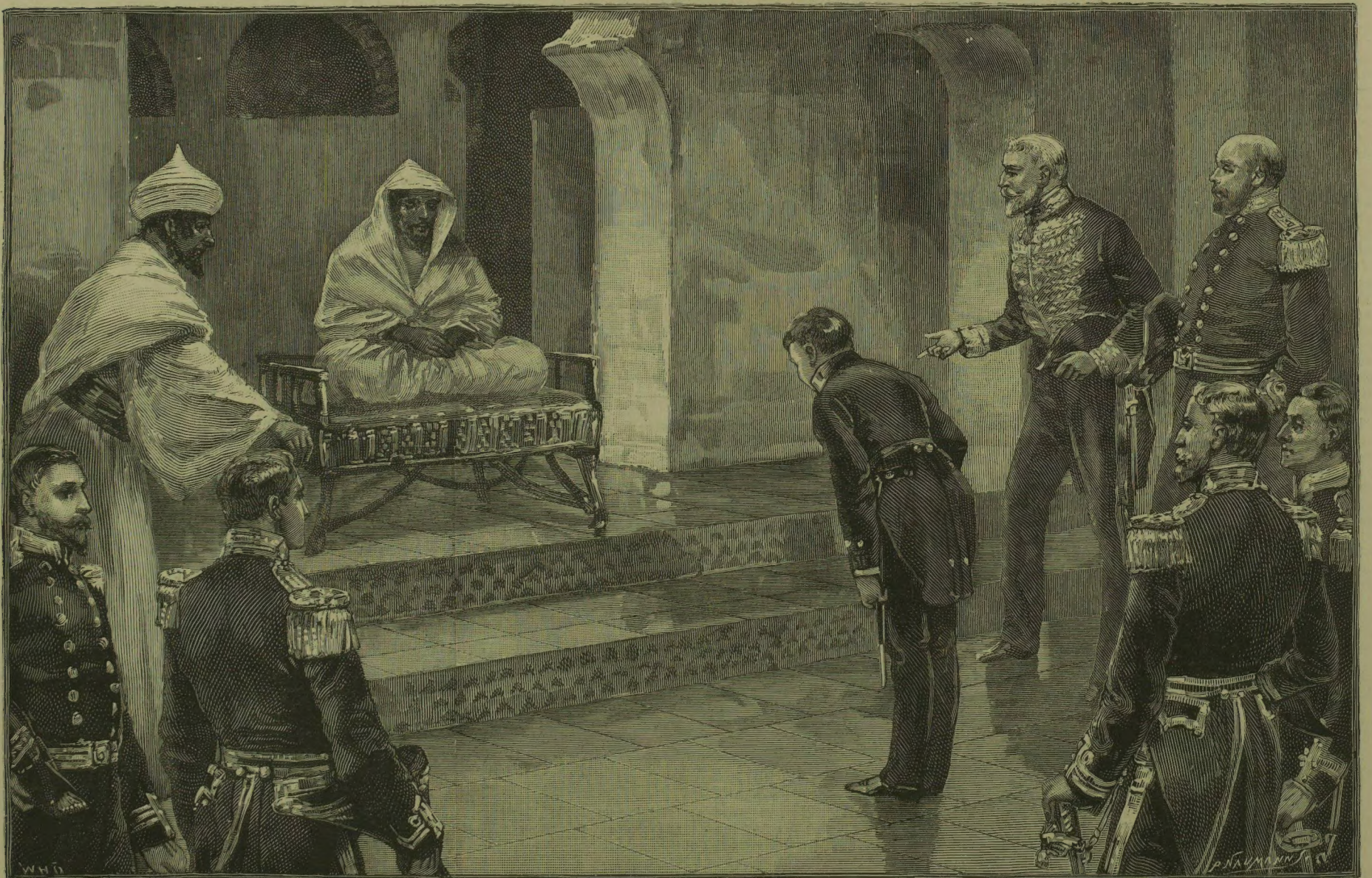
J. B. D.





THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S CAMP AT TANGIER.

SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. H. SMITH-DORRIEN, R.N.



NAVAL OFFICERS PRESENTED TO THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO BY THE BRITISH MINISTER.

SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT A. H. SMITH-DORRIEN, R.N.





RESCUE OF FISHERMEN BY THE LIFE-BOAT SUNLIGHT NO. 1, AT LLANDUDNO.



## LIFE-BOAT RESCUE AT LLANDUDNO.

On the night of Sunday, Oct. 6, in a fierce north-westerly gale, two Hoylake fishing trawlers, the *Perseverance* and the *Ellen* and *Ann*, were driven into Llandudno Bay, and cast anchor some distance off the pierhead. Next day the *Perseverance* displayed a signal of distress, when the crew of the life-boat were summoned together by a rocket. In half an hour afterwards the life-boat Sunlight No. 1 (Richard Jones, coxswain) had been launched, and went direct for the distressed vessel. After laying to, while the fishermen cast another anchor, lit the masthead lamp, and put everything in order, the four men entered the life-boat. Before they reached the pier the *Ellen* and *Ann* displayed a distress signal. The life-boat, after landing the four men, again went out, and succeeded in getting the other four men aboard and brought them ashore safely. A heavy sea was running at the time, but the life-boat behaved splendidly, this being her first real service. Hundreds of people had assembled on the pierhead and the heights above the Happy Valley. This life-boat is a gift to Llandudno by the votes of users of Sunlight Soap, in the "Sunlight" Competition 1887.

## THE RECENT STORM AT HOLYHEAD.

The gale which swept over the British Islands on Sunday, Oct. 6, was one of those atmospheric disturbances that reach our coasts from the Atlantic at irregular intervals, especially in the autumn, and, travelling directly across the kingdom, cause strong winds over England and Ireland, varied in direction between south-south-west and north-west. In the present instance the force of the gale seems to have been greatest over the Irish Sea, and its effects were displayed especially at Holyhead. There, early in the morning, the London and North-Western passenger-steamer *North Wall*, Captain Roche, from Holyhead to North Wall, Dublin, left the harbour. On getting outside, she was struck by a succession of heavy seas, which completely swept her decks. Captain Roche kept his vessel's head to the gale for three hours, but had to return to Holyhead, much to the relief of the distressed passengers. Such an incident as one of these splendid railway boats having to put back is almost unprecedented. Captain Roche states that he never before experienced such a heavy gale or a nastier sea between Holyhead and Dublin. He only gave up the struggle when he found it almost impossible to cross the Channel. He got alongside the wharf at ten o'clock in the forenoon, having been out four and a half hours. The seas swept clean over the breakwater, while the lighthouse could scarcely be distinguished amid the clouds of spray. Even with the wind in her favour, the Royal Mail steamer from Kingstown, with the morning Irish mails, was nearly an hour late in arriving. Two great breaches were made in the breakwater, the damage being roughly estimated at £20,000. The lighthouse men were placed in imminent peril, every room in the building being full of water and the furniture washed away; and great excitement prevailed at Holyhead that night in consequence of the position of the unfortunate keepers. No fewer than ten valuable yachts and boats were either sunk or driven ashore.

## ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held on Oct. 10 at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, the thanks of the institution inscribed on vellum were awarded to Mr. E. H. Page and Mr. F. C. Spray, of Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, for saving the lives of five persons from a capsized boat belonging to the schooner-yacht *Corinne*, of Cowes, in Scratchell's Bay, Isle of Wight, on Sept. 7. Rewards amounting to £285 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution, many of which had performed gallant services during the recent severe gales. Payments amounting to £2787 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £700 from Mrs. C. North Graham of Brighton and family, to meet the cost of the Thorpeness new life-boat, which is to be named the "Christopher North Graham," after her late husband; and £50 from E. Tyson, Esq., Maryport, in celebration of his golden wedding, per the Bishop of Carlisle. New life-boats have recently been sent to Newburgh, Portrush, Bull Bay, and Montrose; and the Newport (Pembrokeshire) and Mablethorpe life-boats have been returned to their stations, after having been altered and fitted with all modern improvements.

A sculling match for £400 took place on the Thames on Oct. 14 between Neil Matterson, of New South Wales, and George Bubeat, of Hammersmith, the course being from Putney to Mortlake. The Australian won by several lengths.

Messrs. D. Nicholson and Co., of St. Paul's-churchyard, London, E.C., are now making some very extensive alterations and additions to their well-known premises, and in the course of a few weeks they will open large additional show-rooms in the block of buildings which they have lately purchased at the corner of Cheapside. This important extension of premises will naturally prove most valuable to Messrs. Nicholson's customers, for the space thus gained will be utilised for spacious and well-lighted show-rooms, in which the new autumn goods may be seen to the greatest possible advantage. At the present time a very interesting sale of fur garments of every sort and kind is being held at this establishment, and it would be difficult to find anywhere a better assortment of fur-lined cloaks, fur pelerines, muffs, capes and collarettes, coats, and sealskin jackets, in all the newest and smartest shapes.

St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, was well filled on Oct. 15 on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Andrew Noel Agnew, eldest son of Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., of Lochaw, Wigtonshire, and Miss Gertrude Vernon, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Gowran and Mrs. Vernon. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Lord Lyveden, was dressed in rich *perle* satin, the petticoat of plain satin being draped with beautiful old Brussels lace; she wore one or two sprays of orange-blossoms in her hair, and a tulle veil, but no jewels. Two bridesmaids—Miss Constance Agnew, sister of the bridegroom; and Miss Mabel Balfour—were in attendance, wearing simply made costumes of cream poplinette, trimmed with gold and silver embroidered insertion; their hats to match being trimmed with cream ostrich feathers. Each wore a brooch formed of a moonstone heart surmounted by a diamond bow, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a bouquet of tawny chrysanthemums. The Hon. Hew Dalrymple acted as best man.

## ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITIONS.

The Royal Astronomical Society are sending out to separate parts of the world three expeditions to take observations of the coming solar eclipse, which is timed to take place on Dec. 22. One expedition is to go to Salut Isle, French Cayenne; another to Trinidad; and the third to St. Paul de Loanda, South-West Africa. The Rev. Father Perry, of Stonyhurst College, conducts the first-named expedition, and Mr. Albert Taylor the last. Mr. Taylor has left Liverpool in the British and African mail-steamer *Bonny* for Loanda. The station from which the observations will be taken by Mr. Taylor is situated sixty miles south of Loanda, from the latter of which Mr. Taylor will be conveyed in a British gun-boat, the officers and crew assisting the astronomer. The Trinidad expedition will have the first observation, the total eclipse lasting about 100 sec.; Father Perry will have the next, about 130 sec. duration; and Mr. Taylor the third, the sun in his case being obscured by the total eclipse for about 180 sec. These times will admit, it is expected, of some excellent photographs being taken to ascertain any variation in the sun's corona. Special instruments are being taken—indeed, the largest apparatus ever used by any expedition—and are made by Mr. Common of Ealing. The total eclipse after next December is not timed to take place till 1893.

## INSCRIBED STONE MESSAGE IN BURMAH.

Mr. D. M. Smeaton, of the Bengal Civil Service, Commissioner at Sagaing, in Upper Burmah, sends a photograph taken by Dr. Noetting, of the India Geological Department, of a remarkable object which he and Dr. Noetting found while marching across a hill about 2000 feet above the sea, near the river Chindwin, in May last. This object is a flat rock on the top of the hill, and on it is inscribed a message, partly in symbols, partly in rude Burmese letters, from a tribe of Chins who had raided a village to the north, on the river, and had taken captives from the village. The raid is supposed to have taken place between ten years and six years before the British annexation of Upper Burmah, consequently the symbols and Burmese characters were a good deal worn. The symbols, it will be observed, are the figures of a gong and a drum, and of footmarks approaching the rock from the north; and there is



INSCRIBED STONE FOUND IN BURMAH.

a rude inscription of Burmese words, which appear to mean, "Bring gongs and drums, we will restore captives." The footmarks indicate that those who wish to ransom their captive friends must come from the north, that is, from the raided village; and they are to bring gongs and drums as ransom. "This message," says Mr. Smeaton, "is a great curiosity; I have never come across such a one before."

The Duke of Westminster has presented new colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, now stationed at the Salford Barracks.

The Bishop of Rochester delivered a visitation charge to the clergy of his diocese in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, on Oct. 15, and in the course of it announced that that church was about to be restored at a cost of £35,000, the work extending over five years.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Clerk, formerly Captain 4th Dragoon Guards, has been appointed a Companion of the Star of India; and Lieutenant Herman Graham, 5th Lancers, who is employed on the Gold Coast, has received the "Distinguished Service Order," for operations against the Awunahs.

Lord Rothschild, Mr. Henry Gibbs, Mr. Hambro, and Mr. Junius Morgan have made over absolutely, as a free gift to the National Pension Fund for Nurses, £20,000 originally lent by them as a deposit. Mr. Junius Morgan has also made a second donation of £5000. The Princess of Wales is president of the fund.

Lord Hopetoun, the new Governor of Victoria, was entertained on Oct. 15 at a farewell banquet in St. George's Club, Hanover-square. Some 250 guests were present, many of whom are prominently connected with our colonies and dependencies, and the Agent-General of Victoria, Sir Graham Berry, occupied the chair.

An important addition to our autumn music will be made on the afternoon of Oct. 19, when the first of a new series of the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will take place; simultaneously with which the eminent Spanish violinist, Señor Sarasate, will give the first of three farewell concerts, at St. James's Hall, previous to his departure for America.

In our notice, last week, of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, we unwittingly failed in courtesy to two lady exhibitors. The clever walnut panel (574) representing children playing with a goat was executed by Miss M. Sophie Smith (not by Miss Sampson), one of the most promising students at the South Kensington School of Art Wood-Carving. The modelled design for a necklace pendant (469), as well as other similar designs for jewellery, in wax and other materials, are by Miss Georgie Cave France, a student at the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, where, in recognition of her services to one of the local art-industries, she has been awarded a free studentship.

## SKETCHES IN UPPER BURMAH.

The interesting series of photographs taken by Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the Indian Army Medical Service, accompanying the British Police authorities in the Yaw country of North-west Burmah, must have attracted the attention of many of our readers. Besides some illustrations of the official tour of Sir Charles Crosthwaite, the Chief Commissioner of Burmah, who visited Pokoko in July, we published, on Sept. 14, with an account of the police system, military and civil, established under the direction of Brigadier-General Stedman, pictures of the scenes attending the pursuit of a gang of "dacoits," or organised marauders, led by a notorious "Boh," or chieftain, who had cruelly ill-treated and robbed the loyal country people. The small force acting under the orders of the District Superintendent of Police, Mr. W. G. Pockett, and of the District Magistrate, who performed the service, fighting gallantly and storming the dacoits' strong position, an old pagoda surrounded by a brick wall, belonged to the Civil or Native Burman Police, armed with muzzle-loading Enfield rifles, and with bayonets or Burmese swords. It was explained that this native force is different from the Indian Military Police employed in Burmah, which consists of soldiers from North-West India; but the Burman policemen, with English leaders, have very often fought, always bravely, against the banditti infesting their country.

After the capture of the gang before-mentioned, with the Boh and his two wives and some other prisoners, who may be seen in our present Sketches, the British Magistrate held a preliminary Court of Inquiry, taking down the evidence against them. He also read aloud to the assembled villagers, and clearly explained to them, the "Village Regulation Act," by which the headman of each village is required to inform the police of any dacoits being in the neighbourhood, and to prevent the dacoits being harboured, or provided with food or shelter, or helped in any way. This Act, introduced by Sir Charles Crosthwaite, has operated beneficially, though the dacoits, on their part, do not hesitate to torture and crucify the villagers who give information against them. A Government reward of £500 was paid for the capture of the Boh in this instance; the money being divided between the native police and the local informers. The prisoners would be sent to the centre of criminal jurisdiction for a regular trial and legal punishment. One or two of the Sketches represent the bringing in of "loot," the stores and other chattels taken from the dacoits; two coolies are carrying baskets or bags slung on a pole over their shoulders. The curious sledge, drawn by two buffaloes, common in the Yaw country, is only a flat piece of wood, of triangular shape, on which a box is placed and held by upright sticks, but it slips over the rough hill roads with great expedition. In the corner of the page are sketched a few weapons belonging to the hostile Chin tribes, against whom a military and police force was lately sent from Gungaw. The shield and daggers were the property of a chief; the shield is of buffalo-hide, ornamented with brass cymbals; the sheaths of the daggers are of fine plaited strips of bamboo. There were also cross-bows, and quivers full of poisoned arrows, the poison chiefly aconite.

The inhabitants of Gungaw and Mingwa, the two largest villages of North-western Yaw, have remained perfectly loyal during the recent disturbances and conflicts. "A Group of Loyal Burmese" is that of the Headman, or "Thugye," of this district, and his family. The Thugye's wife is a handsome woman, and her behaviour to visitors was polite and friendly.

A telegram from Hong Kong announces the death there, on Sept. 30, of Dr. Frederick Stewart, LL.D., the Colonial Secretary. Educated at the Grammar School and King's College, Aberdeen, he took his M.A. degree with first-class honours in intellectual and moral sciences in 1859, receiving the degree of hon. LL.D. in 1879. He entered the Colonial service in December 1861, as inspector of schools and head-master of the Central School, Hong Kong; and was Coroner from July 1867 to June 1871. He also filled the offices of Acting Police Magistrate and Coroner, Registrar-General, and Acting Colonial Secretary at different periods. In 1887 he was appointed Colonial Secretary and Auditor-General.

Sir Charles William Sikes, the originator of Post Office Savings Banks, died at Huddersfield on Oct. 15.

A new serial story by Mr. James Payn, entitled "The Word and the Will," will commence in the Christmas Number of *Tit Bits*.

The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Roman Catholic Bishop of Canea, has left London for Hobart, Tasmania, for the benefit of his health. Dr. Donnelly has been acting as assistant Bishop to Dr. Walsh, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.

Mr. Adolf Rost, sculptor, of Fitzroy-road, son of a well-known Sanscrit scholar and librarian of the India Office, has executed an excellent medallion likeness in plaster of the late Wilkie Collins. The medallion, mounted in oak frame, is published at half a guinea.

At the Royal Asiatic Society's Offices, on Oct. 15, Sir Charles Newton was presented with a bust of himself, in recognition of his eminent services to archaeological research. The balance of the money which remained, amounting to about £300, was, at Sir Charles's own request, dedicated to the benefit of the British school at Athens.

Lord Mure has resigned his position as one of the senators of the College of Justice and Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland. He was the oldest advocate on the Bench. In succession he was Sheriff of Perthshire, Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1858, and Lord Advocate in the following year. He represented Buteshire in Parliament from 1859 to 1865, when he was elevated to the Bench.

At the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association, on Oct. 12, the president, Mr. G. N. Christian, complained of the conduct of the Irish members in blocking the Teachers' Superannuation Bill last Session. In regard to the demand for technical education, he warned educational reformers that if it were introduced into Board schools it would be at the sacrifice of some of the older subjects.

The Bishop of London consecrated the new church dedicated to St. Thomas, in St. Thomas's-road, Finsbury Park, on Oct. 12. Dr. Temple was accompanied by the Bishop of Bedford and the Ven. William Macdonald Sinclair, Archdeacon of London. At the public luncheon in the new parish room, after the ceremonial, Bishop Temple referred in a marked manner to the exceptional zeal and praiseworthy patience of the Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Isaacs, who has been mainly instrumental in bringing about the erection of this noble church in a crowded and far from wealthy district of North London.

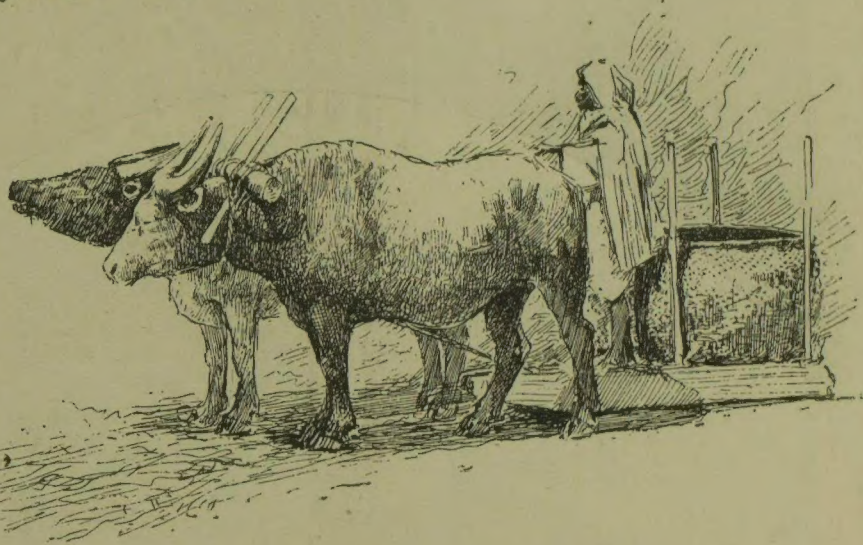


SKETCHES  
IN BURMAH.

A GROUP  
OF LOYAL  
BURMESE.



RECOVERED LOOT



A  
DACOIT BOY  
& HIS TWO WIVES  
BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE



A COURT  
OF ENQUIRY

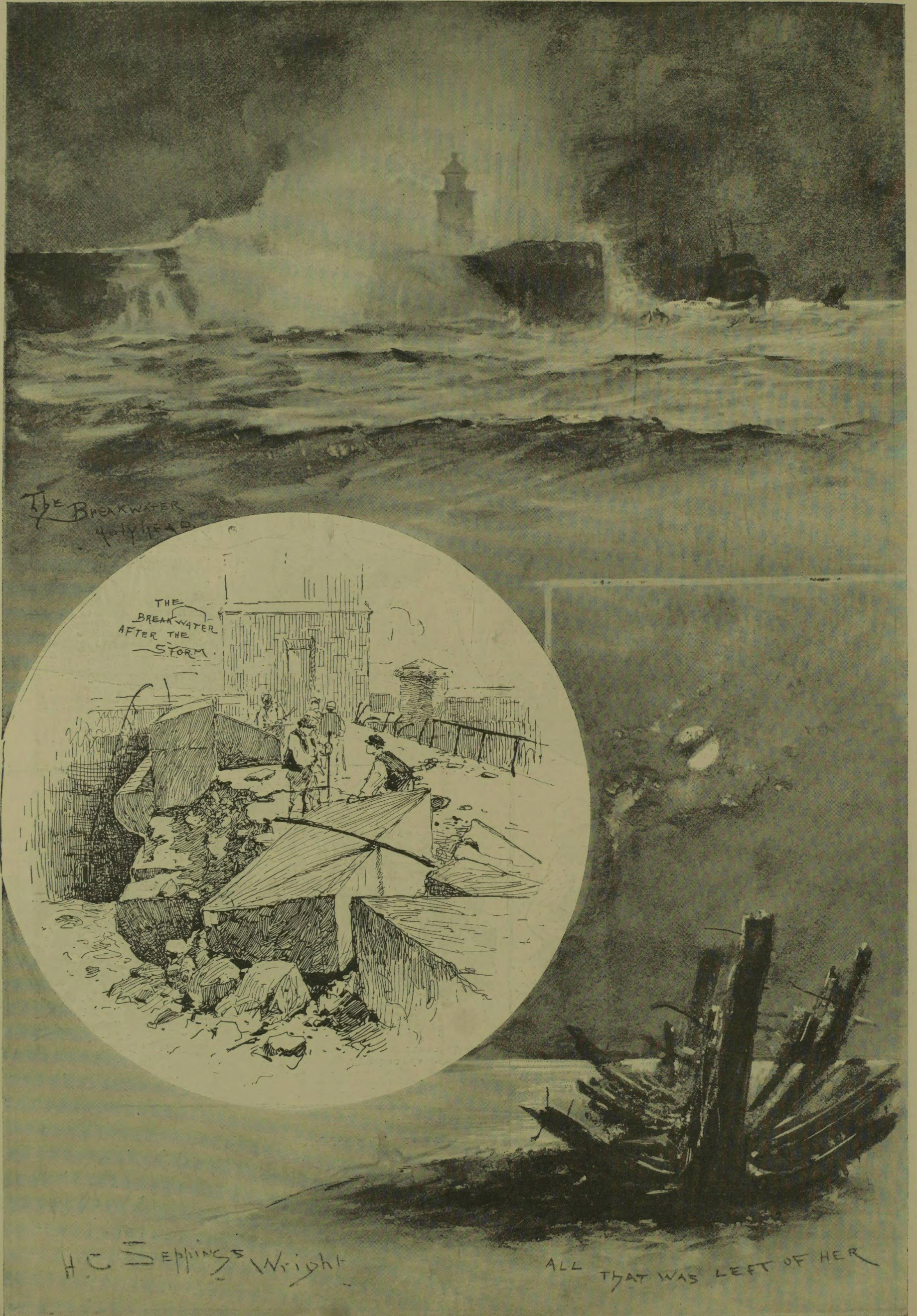


A STRING OF  
DACOIT PRISONERS



H. C. Seppings Wright.









IN THE ATRIUM (HALL OF A ROMAN HOUSE).

PICTURE BY L. VON FORTUNSKI.



## NOVELS.

*The Pennycomequicks.* By S. Baring Gould, Author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," "The Gaverocks," &c. (Spencer Blackett and Hallam.)—The author of this and of many other stories has an odd habit of pausing in his narrative to utter comments aside upon topics of no concern to his fictitious persons. He more than once replies to some of his critics with a justification of his practice in putting "smart" talk into the mouths of common people. He even undertakes to give instruction to lady novelists, who do not know, it seems, how men talk of horses, dogs, game, guns, cricket, politics, and "shop"; leaving any talk about women for the last conversational resource. Mr. Baring Gould has invented a style of talk which he adjusts with equal readiness to men and women, to the old and young, the intellectual, the frivolous, and the simple-minded, but which in any class would be thought, in real life, to savour of pedantic affectation. Far-fetched allusions to classical mythology and mediæval romance, in the midst of practical discussions on family business, are strange ornaments of discourse between Mrs. Sidebottom and her nephew Philip, the country solicitor's clerk who takes the management of a Yorkshire village factory; or between either of them and the quiet homebred girl, Salome, or the uncle, Jeremiah Pennycomequick, and his friend the doctor at Hull. These persons are well up in Lempriere's Dictionary, and in the Scandinavian and Teutonic legends of antiquity, but their conduct in household affairs at Mergatroyd, and in the game of cross-purposes that is played after Jeremiah's disappearance and supposed death, is not inspired by the traditions of the heroic age. Incidents there are in plenty; and the elderly gentleman's escape from drowning in the inundation of the Keld valley, down which he is carried floating in the branches of a tree, and is picked up by a coal-barge, may be read with interest. But there is little humour and less wisdom in his remaining alive, concealed for months, while his greedy sister and his nephew, Mrs. Sidebottom playing a foul trick with his will, proceed to divide his wealth. Of each of the principal figures in Mr. Baring Gould's stories it is to be remarked that no one is a character so much as an incoherent collection of qualities—not even a compound, much less an organic personality; and this must be the reason why they are so disagreeable, and so apparently incapable of sympathetic relations with one another. Mrs. Sidebottom is a mere bundle of all the nasty, base, and odious vices both of the feminine and masculine temperament; neither a woman nor a man, but an exhibition, in lady's dress, of covetousness, vain worldly ambition, treachery, fraud, hypocrisy, cruelty, and cynical impudence, with vulgarity of the strongest odour. Jeremiah is a grim old bachelor of rustic habits, but with a reserve of kind-heartedness, and with a tender feeling for his adopted niece or daughter, the innocent Salome, who has bright reddish-golden or copper hair and a transparent complexion, and who becomes the wife of his nephew Philip. This stern and formidable but inexorably just and upright young man, discovering that he has married the daughter of his hereditary enemy, the swindler Schofield, having been deceived about her parentage, treats her with undeserved harshness. We should be more impressed by Philip's high-principled attitude, if he were not always whining and whimpering at the discomforts of furnished lodgings, and accusing his landladies of cheating him. Everybody is querulous, suspicious, and quarrelsome, except the versatile promoter of fraudulent joint-stock schemes, Beaple Yeo, *alias* Schofield, whose volubility is rather amusing. In the third volume, when the reader has become heartily tired of their mean and perverse behaviour at home in the Yorkshire manufacturing district, they are summarily transported to Switzerland—which is a common expedient to lift dull novels from a low and swampy level. Adventures in the Alps, acquaintances made among the crowd of tourists, a rich and beautiful American heiress, and a bigamy perpetrated by the ubiquitous "Earle Schofield," who passes himself off as one of the Peerage, and whose villainy is denounced by Philip, make bustle enough towards the end. The young wife, Salome, regains the affections of her masterful husband, and the Pennycomequicks return to Mergatroyd in peace, where let us leave them, since the "Devil's Kneel," in the final chapter, assures us that "the Devil is dead."

*The Day Will Come.* By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. Three vols. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—The prolific genius of this popular authoress, whose works, still read and ever readable, must number as many as the years of her life, shows no decline of imaginative power. In two or three of her most recent publications, "Like and Unlike" and "The Fatal Three," and the one now before us, the admirers of her literary skill may have been further gratified by a signal elevation of tone, and a firm insistence on sound moral principles, recognising the grand truth that Conduct, not Destiny, is the determining cause of the issues of life. Yet this story, laid down on the high lines of tracing the remote and indirect consequences of an erroneous action to most sorrowful events, long afterwards, by which also innocent persons are made to suffer, has a plot of the kind that Miss Braddon and the late Mr. Wilkie Collins brought into vogue so far back as 1860 and 1862. The hero of a special class of modern social romances is the voluntary detective inquirer and diligent observer of suspected individuals, who manages to discover a crime perpetrated and concealed with extraordinary cunning, and whose motives are those of chivalrous friendship. It is the way we live now, the decorous civility and outward gentleness, the careful reserve, dictated either by prudence or by rules of supposed good breeding, with regard to domestic and pecuniary affairs, the jealousy of intrusion, the guarded manner of private intercourse, the mutual dread of unauthorised questioning, the reticence and avoidance of explanations among members of the same family and neighbours on terms of old acquaintance. This characteristic habit of the present generation, though not perhaps congenial to English sentiment in former ages, has been fostered by the rapid alteration of circumstances affecting the fortunes of the upper middle classes in society; by frequent instances of people growing richer than they were, or attaining professional distinction, and gaining or seeking an entrance into the circles of rank and fashion, now open to those who have money to spend with moderate tact and good taste. Such people, or, at least, the representatives of their class in the novels of this day, are readily understood to have some personal or parental antecedents, probably quite harmless, which they do not wish to be known to the world. Few men, and fewer women, it is to be hoped, keep a skeleton in the closet; in fact, we believe that only a very small minority of respectable families, not every third or fourth household, as the novelists would have it, contains a secret murderer, thief, will-forger, bigamist, or fiendish traitor, male or female, smirking in the drawing-room and repeating the Litany in church. But the general habit of keeping dark a large portion of one's private relations, even among kinsfolk, much more between acknowledged friends and constant companions, has tended to magnify the office of the volunteer detective in fiction.

"The Day Will Come"—a menacing title—is a very interesting story, constructed on a plan different from almost every other novel, as it begins with a happy marriage, beautifully describing the pure wedded love of a noble-minded and fondly affectionate young couple, suddenly stopped by the violent death of the husband, Sir Godfrey Carmichael, in the early days of their delightful honeymoon. There is little or no real love-making, of any sort worth mentioning, from this point to the end of the third volume. Theodore Dalbrook, second cousin to the bereaved young wife—who is the daughter and heiress of Lord Cheriton—is charged by her to search for the unknown assassin, the police having failed to get the slightest clue leading to an identification. Lady Carmichael, or Juanita, so named from her mother being of half-Spanish race, has conceived an apparently wild fancy that the shot which killed her husband was fired not by an enemy of Sir Godfrey—for he never had an enemy—but by a mysterious enemy of her father; and that this was one of the Strangways, a ruined, profligate, dishonoured family of county gentry, whose mansion and estate had been long ago purchased by Lord Cheriton. The latest survivors of that family were two brothers and a sister, all reported to have died some years before the recent murder of Lord Cheriton's son-in-law. It was just conceivable, though a far-fetched notion, that as Lord Cheriton had no son, and as he hoped in the future to procure for Sir Godfrey, and for a child of Juanita's, the succession to his peerage as well as to his estate, anyone who hated Lord Cheriton might strike at Sir Godfrey's life. Theodore, who is a lawyer, trained in the office of his father, a Dorchester solicitor, but now studying for the Bar in London, does not think Juanita's idea about the Strangways at all likely, since they were in no way wronged by her father's buying Cheriton Chase, after they had lost it. Nevertheless, loving his cousin, who is truly a noble and amiable woman, and sympathising with the passionate grief of her widowhood, Theodore devotes himself to a series of minute investigations, in town and country, at Boulogne and in Jersey, to find out what has actually become of those three, Reginald Strangway, Frederick Strangway, and the girl Evelyn Strangway, whose youthful portraits were preserved in the picture-gallery of their former home. The result of these investigations is altogether unlike what might have been expected to attend their success, as it reveals a painful secret in the life of Juanita's own father, which she would never have willingly exposed.

James Dalbrook, born at Dorchester, now old enough to be the father of his second cousin Theodore, has been an eminent barrister, a Q.C. in lucrative practice, a Judge of the High Court, and a Law Lord, but has retired with his well-earned wealth and title of Lord Cheriton. He married, in his fortieth year, the daughter of a Spanish trader in California, receiving with her a dowry of £80,000. Until this marriage, he had led a laborious professional life, shunning other social intercourse, and bearing the reputation of a morose and miserly fellow. Now Theodore, while holding his learned and distinguished kinsman in high reverence, and being personally much attached to him, is ultimately forced to surmise that the elder man, at some time of his life, has done something to provoke an insane act of vengeance. After many private inquiries, journeying to and fro, freely distributing ten-pound notes, peeping into odd corners, inspecting registers, and interviewing old servants, lodging-house keepers, business agents, and local remembrancers, he obtains proof of the death of Colonel Reginald Strangway, who was accidentally drowned at Nice; and of Frederick Strangway, a cashiered drunken naval officer, who died of delirium tremens at St. Helier. Evelyn Strangway, who married a Captain Thomas Darcy, and left her blackguard husband to live with another man, is reported to have died at Boulogne. The progress of these researches is narrated with an ingenuity not less fascinating than that of Mr. Wilkie Collins, especially when the volunteer detective comes on the track of his respected senior, then only Mr. James Dalbrook, in the early years of his career as a barrister in London. An old laundress of the Temple, who then took care of that gentleman's chambers, had picked up a number of envelopes addressed to "Mr. J. Danvers, Myrtle Cottage, Camberwell-grove," and had discovered that Mr. James Dalbrook, who never slept at his chambers, occupied that house, with a lady passing as Mrs. Danvers. This information is confirmed by the Camberwell house agent. In the meantime, Theodore finds the old governess of Evelyn Strangway, a Miss Newton, who has settled in a bye-street of Lambeth, doing much good among poor women and girls in a pleasant, wholesome, and sensible way. Putting together one and another bit of acquired knowledge of the past, he makes out that Evelyn, who became Mrs. Darcy, was the "Mrs. Danvers" who lived with Mr. James Dalbrook. He goes down on a visit to Lord Cheriton in Dorsetshire, when the actual perpetrator of the murder, suddenly quitting the place, leaves a written confession of her hideous crime. It was a person who had long resided, under the name of Mrs. Porter, at the gate of his Lordship's park, ostensibly as lodge-keeper, but in a privileged position, being a lady of superior education, with a private income. This woman proves to be identical with the lost Evelyn Darcy, the last of the Strangways; but her motive for the cruel act of long-deferred revenge was Lord Cheriton's having left her, more than twenty years before, on his marriage with Juanita's mother. She had kept a pair of pistols belonging to Captain Darcy; and the one with which she shot Sir Godfrey Carmichael at the drawing-room window is found in the garden at the bottom of a well.

Now, this is an exciting story; but the improbabilities are enormous, manifestly with reference to the conduct of James Dalbrook, Lord Cheriton, an elderly man of strong character and consummate knowledge of the world, a loyal and faithful husband, earnestly desiring to make some amends for any fault in his earlier connection. That such a man, having deliberately and irrevocably put away the unhappy woman with whom, not being her seducer but her protector, he had lived in culpable intimacy during ten years, should allow her to live in sullen silent anger close to his well-ordered, peaceful home, while he dreads exposure and suffers bitterly from her stern resentment, is a monstrous absurdity. He had made her a very liberal pecuniary allowance, but refused to marry her when her savage and intolerable husband died; that was the sum of his offence. Why on earth could not he tell his wife all about it, and have done with the affair? Lady Cheriton was a sensible, just, and kindly matron, who had first known him as a middle-aged man, and whose happy wedded life would certainly not have been destroyed by a frank disclosure of improper relations he had contracted before ever he met her, and had willingly relinquished for her sake. There are some very good women, we believe, whose pride of honourable widowhood might even be enhanced by learning such a fact. Admitting the reality of the vindictive feeling on Evelyn's part—for the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret" knows more than we do of feminine fiends—the helpless imbecility of Lord Cheriton's behaviour in this case seems quite inconceivable. It is totally inconsistent with all the rest of his life. This consideration deprives the whole story of any moral

instructiveness which may have been within its purpose, and for which credit would otherwise be due, as in other recent works by the same hand. "The Day Will Come," however, is a novel that takes strong hold of the imagination. Its opening chapters have the brightness of a sunny morning in spring. Its closing chapters, after the removal of the murderer to a private lunatic asylum, bring a poor reward for Theodore's diligent devotion: Lady Carmichael, who has borne a posthumous heir to her slain bridegroom, and to the Cheriton peerage, bestows her hand on a Scotch scientific physician; and her cousin, who has loved her from childhood, puts up with the illegitimate daughter of the insanely wicked Evelyn—a defiance of the perils of heredity which no physician will approve.

*Colonel Russell's Baby.* By Ellinor Davenport Adams. One vol. (Walter Smith and Innes.)—This "baby" is a little girl, not quite ten years of age when the story begins, and, when it breaks off, just a twelvemonth older; but in one year of a childhood so bright and sweet, under the care of guardians so wise and kind as Colonel Russell and his sister, the pure and fair young mind, quickly developed by uncommon experiences, is made to appear a character worthy of the reader's attention. Miss Davenport Adams has bestowed on this small single figure of girlhood emerging from infancy as much thoughtful study of the growth of feminine moral and intellectual capacities as some other better-known authoresses have spent in representing the early lives of numerous groups of sisters, or cousins, or schoolfellows, with their domestic trials and faults overcome by religious teaching. The specific High Church element, which abounds in those generally commendable and salutary tales long established in public favour, does not here present itself, while the underlying vein of sentiment is not the less practically Christian. It requires but few sentences to explain the simple plan of this narrative, with its rather odd and startling title. Lily Eversley is one of two motherless children of a gentleman so occupied in the editorship of a London newspaper that he cannot personally superintend their education. Colonel Russell, his intimate friend, is a retired officer, living at Fleetmouth, whose studious tastes and habits, and his philanthropic zeal for the reform of education, prompt him to form classes for the instruction of boys and girls, assisted by Miss Russell, with competent special teachers, himself undertaking the Latin. An arrangement has been made for Lily and her brother Wilfred to visit the good Colonel and his sister, and to learn their lessons, while joining the classes held in rooms of the local Institute, of which he is managing president. Admitting this to be a possible situation, and that it would not have been more advisable for their father to keep them under charge of a private governess in his own house, the relations that arise between the Colonel and his docile little pupil, over their grammar, Caesar, and Euclid, are true and touching. A grave elderly bachelor, a veteran soldier with a V.C., returned from long service in India, would be a likely person to be intensely fond of such a child as Lily. The child, after her first feeling of awe for his commanding presence and his strictness of mixed scholastic and military discipline, would almost worship such a man, being less impressed by the rare interviews with her absent, pre-engaged, rather inattentive father. Something like parental and filial affection, the closest union of hearts between young and old, springs from this daily familiar intercourse; and it is tested by Lily's dangerous illness, supposed to be the result of premature devotion to hard studies. At this crisis, when the child's life hangs on a thread, comes an offer to the Colonel of active service in the Indian Mutiny War. Honour calls him to the field, and he is most eager to take command in the impending campaign. But he is warned that the shock of his departure may be fatal to the child's life. After a severe mental struggle, Colonel Russell decides on making a great personal sacrifice—resigning his commission in the Army to stay at home with this cherished darling of his unselfish declining age. We are happy to add that Lily does not die.

## WHITBY JOTTINGS.

On the east coast of Yorkshire, 244 miles from London, the river Esk flows into the German Ocean between two bold cliffs; one of which, ascended by 200 rock-cut steps, is crowned by a grand old church, and behind it are the ruins of Whitby Abbey, founded in the tenth century, and famous in romance as the abode of the Abbess St. Hilda. Below is the river harbour, with a bridge opening in the middle to admit small vessels, and with seaward piers at its entrance; the old town is built partly on the flat, around the basin, partly on the steep side of the hill. The opposite cliff is occupied by the new town, a pleasant and healthful marine resort, with fine public promenades, a saloon for varied entertainments, comfortable hotels, lodgings, and furnished houses, and convenient shops. Whitby has a theatre, a public library, a museum of antiquities and natural history; baths, tennis-grounds, and skating-rinks; sailing and rowing boats, firm broad sands for sea-bathing; roads for driving to the neighbouring moors and dales, and good trout-fishing and grouse-shooting for those privileged to enjoy such sports. The manufacture of jet ornaments is a peculiar trade of this town; but most of the native population are concerned in the fisheries on this coast.

The Bishop of Southwell has subscribed £500 towards the fund which he is raising to augment poor livings in North Derbyshire.

Mr. Stanhope distributed on Oct. 10 the prizes to the winning members of two Volunteer Regiments at Manchester. He also addressed the regiments upon the War Office ideal of a Volunteer Force, and said the Manchester regiments were rapidly approaching it.

Mr. William George Wagstaff, now her Majesty's Consul at Taganrog, is to be Consul for the Provinces of Livonia and Courland, to reside at Riga; Mr. Charles Alexander Price Talbot, now Consul at Tahiti, to be Consul for the Governments of Voronezh, Saratof, Samara, Ufa, Orenburg, Astrakhan, Stavropol, the Don Cossack country, and the Kuban and Ter Districts, to reside at Taganrog; and Mr. Albert George Sidney Hawes, now Consul for Nyassa, to be Consul for the Society Islands, to reside at Tahiti.

Mr. Alpheus Cleopas Morton, Gladstonian Liberal, has been elected for Peterborough by a majority of 251. He received 1893 votes, against 1642 recorded for Mr. Purvis, the Liberal Unionist candidate. This is a gain for the Gladstonian party, the late member, Mr. Fitzwilliam, having been a Liberal Unionist.—Mr. J. Seymour Keay, the Gladstonian Liberal candidate, has been elected for Elgin and Nairn by a majority of 529. He received 2573 votes, against 2044 recorded for his opponent, Mr. Logan, Liberal Unionist. The result leaves the relative state of parties unchanged.—Captain Verney, Liberal, has been elected for North Bucks. He polled 4855, against 4617 given to the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, the Conservative candidate. This result involves a gain to the Opposition, the late member (now Lord Addington) being a Conservative.



# WHITBY JOTTINGS.



ON THE SANDS

THE SALOON PROMENADE AT NOON



PROMENADERS

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF 'GET UP'



A WHITBY FISH WIFE.



A BLOW ON THE PIER



THE HARBOUR

AFTER AQUINETS UNDER THE EAST CLIFF

R. Clutter del 1889



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE FIRST QUARREL.



E A R L Y in the morning of the next day, Lord Harry received the doctor's telegram. Iris not having risen at the time, he sent for Fanny Merc, and ordered her to get the spare room ready for a guest. The maid's busy suspicion tempted her to put a venture-some question. She asked if the person expected was a lady or a gentleman.

"What business is it of yours who the visitor is?" her master asked sharply. Always easy and good-humoured with his inferiors in general, Lord

Harry had taken a dislike to his wife's maid, from the moment when he had first seen her. His Irish feeling for beauty and brightness was especially offended by the unhealthy pallor of the woman's complexion, and the sullen self-suppression of her manner. All that his native ingenuity had been able to do was to make her a means of paying a compliment to his wife. "Your maid has one merit, in my eyes," he said: "she is a living proof of the sweetness of your temper."

Iris joined her husband at the breakfast-table with an appearance of disturbance in her face, seldom seen during the dull days of her life at Passy. "I hear of somebody coming

to stay with us," she said. "Not Mr. Vimpany again, I hope and trust?"

Lord Harry was careful to give his customary morning kiss, before he replied. "Why shouldn't my faithful old friend come and see me again?" he asked, with his winning smile.

"Pray don't speak of that hateful man," she answered, "as your faithful old friend! He is nothing of the kind. What did you tell me when he took leave of us after his last visit, and I owned I was glad that he had gone? You said: 'Faith, my dear, I'm as glad as you are.'"

Her good-natured husband laughed at this little picture of himself. "Ah, my darling, how many more times am I to make the same confession to my pretty priest? Try to remember, without more telling, that it's one of my misfortunes to be a man of many tempers. There are times when I get tired to death of Vimpany; and there are times when the cheery old devil exercises fascinations over me. I declare you're spoiling the eyebrows that I admire by letting them twist themselves into a frown! After the trouble I have taken to clear your mind of prejudice against an unfortunate man, it's disheartening to find you so hard on the poor fellow's faults and so blind to his virtues."

The time had been when this remonstrance might have influenced his wife's opinion. She passed it over without notice, now.

"Does he come here by your invitation?" she asked.

"How else should he come here, my dear?"

She looked at her husband with doubt too plainly visible in her eyes. "I wonder what your motive is for sending for him," she said.

He was just lifting his teacup to his lips—he put it down again when he heard those words.

"Are you ill this morning?" he asked.

"No."

"Have I said anything that has offended you?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I must tell you this, Iris; I don't approve of what you have just said. It sounds, to my mind, unpleasantly like suspicion of me and suspicion of my friend. I see your face confessing it, my lady, at this moment."

"You are half right, Harry, and no more. What you see in my face is suspicion of your friend."

"Founded on what, if you please?"

"Founded on what I have seen of him, and on what I know of him. When you tried to alter my opinion of Mr. Vimpany some time since, I did my best to make my view your view. I deceived myself, for your sake; I put the best construction on what he said and did, when he was staying here. It was well meant, but it was of no use. In a thousand different ways, while he was doing his best to win my favour, his true self was telling tales of him under the fair surface. Mr. Vimpany is a bad man. He is the very worst friend you could have about you at any time—and especially at a time when your patience is tried by needy circumstances."

"One word, Iris. The more eloquent you are, the more I admire you. Only, don't mention my needy circumstances again."

She passed over the interruption as she had already passed over the remonstrance, without taking notice of it.

"Dearest, you are always good to me," she continued gently. "Am I wrong in thinking that love gives me some little influence over you still? Women are vain—are they not?—and I am no better than the rest of them. Flatter your wife's vanity, Harry, by attaching some importance to her opinion. Is there time enough, yet, to telegraph to Mr. Vimpany? Quite out of the question, is it? Well, then, if he must come here, do—pray, pray do consider Me. Don't let him stay in the house! I'll find a good excuse, and take a bed-room for him in the neighbourhood. Anywhere else, so long as he is not here. He turns me cold when I think of him, sleeping under the same roof with ourselves. Not with *us*! oh, Harry, not with *us*!"

Her eyes eagerly searched her husband's face; she looked there for indulgence, she looked for conviction. No! he was still admiring her.

"On my word of honour," he burst out, "you fascinate me. What an imagination you have got! One of these days, Iris, I shall be prouder of you than ever; I shall find you a famous literary character. I don't mean writing a novel; women who can't even hem a handkerchief can write a novel. It's poetry I'm thinking of. Irish melodies by Lady Harry that beat Tom Moore. What a gift! And there are fortunes made, as I have heard, by people who spoil fair white paper to some purpose. I wish I was one of them."

"Have you no more to say to me?" she asked.

"What more should there be? You wouldn't have me take you seriously, in what you have just said of Vimpany?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, come, come, my darling! Just consider. With a bed-room empty and waiting, upstairs, is my old Vimpany to be sent to quarters for the night among strangers? I wouldn't speak harshly to you, Iris, for the whole world, and I don't deny that the convivial doctor may be sometimes a little too fond of his drop of grog. You will tell me, maybe, that he hasn't got on nicely with his wife; and I grant it. There are not many people who set such a pretty example of matrimony as we do. Poor humanity—there's all that's to be said about it. But when you tell me that Vimpany is a bad man, and the worst friend I could possibly have, and so forth—what better can I do than set it down to your imagination? I've a pretty fancy, myself; and I think I see my angel inventing poetical characters, up among congenial clouds. What's the matter? Surely, you haven't done breakfast yet?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to leave me?"

"I am going to my room."

"You're in a mighty hurry to get away. I never meant to vex you, Iris. Ah, well, if you must leave the table, I'll have the honour of opening the door for you at any rate. I wonder what you're going to do?"

"To cultivate my imagination," she answered, with the first outbreak of bitterness that had escaped her yet.

His face hardened. "There seems to be something like bearing malice in this," he said. "Are you treating me, for



When my lord joined his friend, she just held them in view, and no more, as they walked up and down in the barest and loneliest part of the Gardens that they could find.





MEN OF THE DAY.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIOT, 365, OXFORD STREET, W.





*He sighed heavily, his eyes rested on her with a truthful, appealing look which she had never observed in them before.*

the first time, to an exhibition of enmity? What am I to call it, if it's not that?"

"Call it disappointment," she suggested quietly, and left him.

Lord Harry went back to his breakfast. His jealousy was up in arms again. "She's comparing me with her absent friend," he said to himself, "and wishing she had married the amiable Mountjoy instead of me."

So the first quarrel ended—and Mr. Vimpany had been the cause of it.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

The doctor arrived in good time for dinner, and shook hands with the Irish lord in excellent spirits.

He looked round the room, and asked where my lady was. Lord Harry's reply suggested the presence of a cloud on the domestic horizon. He had been taking a long ride, and had

only returned a few minutes since; Iris would (as he supposed) join them immediately.

The maid put the soup on the table, and delivered a message. Her mistress was suffering from headache, and was not well enough to dine with the gentlemen.

As an old married man, Mr. Vimpany knew what this meant; he begged leave to send a comforting message to the suffering lady of the house. Would Fanny be good enough to say that he had made inquiries on the subject of Mr. Mountjoy's health, before he left London. The report was still favourable; there was nothing to complain of but the after-weakness which had followed the fever. On that account only, the attendance of the nurse was still a matter of necessity. "With my respects to Lady Harry," he called after Fanny, as she went out in dogged silence.

"I have begun by making myself agreeable to your wife," the doctor remarked with a self-approving grin. "Perhaps she will dine with us to-morrow. Pass the sherry."

The remembrance of what had happened at the breakfast-

table, that morning, seemed to be dwelling disagreeably on Lord Harry's mind. He said but little—and that little related to the subject on which he had already written, at full length, to his medical friend.

In an interval, when the service of the table required the attendance of Fanny in the kitchen, Mr. Vimpany took the opportunity of saying a few cheering words. He had come (he remarked) prepared with the right sort of remedy for an ailing state of mind, and he would explain himself at a fitter opportunity. Lord Harry impatiently asked why the explanation was deferred. If the presence of the maid was the obstacle which caused delay, it would be easy to tell her that she was not wanted to wait.

The wary doctor positively forbade this.

He had observed Fanny, during his previous visit, and had discovered that she seemed to distrust him. The woman was sly and suspicious. Since they had sat down to dinner, it was easy to see that she was lingering in the room to listen to the conversation, on one pretence or another. If she was told not



to wait, there could be no doubt of her next proceeding: she would listen outside the door. "Take my word for it," the doctor concluded, "there are all the materials for a spy in Fanny Mere."

But Lord Harry was obstinate. Chafing under the sense of his helpless pecuniary position, he was determined to hear, at once, what remedy for it Vimpany had discovered.

"We can set that woman's curiosity at defiance," he said.

"How?"

"When you were learning your profession, you lived in Paris for some years, didn't you?"

"All right!"

"Well, then, you can't have entirely forgotten your French?"

The doctor at once understood what this meant, and answered significantly by a wink. He had found an opportunity (he said) of testing his memory, not very long since. Time had undoubtedly deprived him of his early mastery over the French language; but he could still (allowing for a few mistakes) make a shift to understand it and speak it. There was one thing, however, that he wanted to know first. Could they be sure that my lady's maid had not picked up French enough to use her ears to some purpose? Lord Harry easily disposed of this doubt. So entirely ignorant was the maid of the language of the place in which she was living, that she was not able to ask the tradespeople for the simplest article of household use, unless it was written for her in French before she was sent on an errand.

This was conclusive. When Fanny returned to the dining-room, she found a surprise waiting for her. The two gentlemen had taken leave of their nationality, and were talking the language of foreigners.

An hour later, when the dinner-table had been cleared, the maid's domestic duties took her to Lady Harry's room to make tea. She noticed the sad careworn look on her mistress's face, and spoke of it at once in her own downright way.

"I thought it was only an excuse," she said, "when you gave me that message to the gentlemen, at dinner-time. Are you really ill, my lady?"

"I am a little out of spirits," Iris replied.

Fanny made the tea. "I can understand that," she said to herself, as she moved away to leave the room; "I'm out of spirits myself."

Iris called her back: "I heard you say just now, Fanny, that you were out of spirits yourself. If you were speaking of some troubles of your own, I am sorry for you, and I won't say any more. But if you know what my anxieties are, and share them—"

"Mine is the biggest share of the two," Fanny broke out abruptly. "It goes against the grain with me to distress you, my lady; but we are beginning badly, and you ought to know it. The doctor has beaten me already."

"Beaten you already?" Iris repeated. "Tell me plainly what you mean?"

"Here it is, if you please, as plainly as words can say it. Mr. Vimpany has something—something wicked, of course—to say to my master; and he won't let it pass his lips here, in the cottage."

"Why not?"

"Because he suspects me of listening at the door, and looking through the keyhole. I don't know, my lady, that he doesn't even suspect you. 'I've learnt something in the course of my life,' he says to my master; 'and it's a rule with me to be careful of what I talk about indoors, when there are women in the house. What are you going to do to-morrow?' he says. My lord told him there was to be a meeting at the newspaper office. The doctor says: 'I'll go to Paris with you. The newspaper office isn't far from the Luxembourg Gardens. When you have done your business, you will find me waiting at the gate. What I have to tell you, you shall hear out of doors in the Gardens—and in an open part of them, too, where there are no lurking-places among the trees.' My master seemed to get angry at being put off in this way. 'What is it you have got to tell me?' he says. 'Is it anything like the proposal you made, when you were on your last visit here?' The doctor laughed. 'To-morrow won't be long in coming,' he says. 'Patience, my lord—patience.' There was no getting him to say a word more. Now, what am I to do? How am I to get a chance of listening to him, out in an open garden, without being seen? There's what I mean when I say he has beaten me. It's you, my lady—it's you who will suffer in the end."

"You don't know that, Fanny."

"No, my lady—but I'm certain of it. And here I am, as helpless as yourself! My temper has been quiet, since my misfortune; it would be quiet still, but for this." The one animating motive, the one exasperating influence, in that sad and secret life was still the mistress's welfare—still the safety of the generous woman who had befriended and forgiven her. She turned aside from the table, to hide her ghastly face.

"Pray try to control yourself." As Iris spoke, she pointed kindly to a chair. "There is something that I want to say when you are composed again. I won't hurry you; I won't look at you. Sit down, Fanny."

She appeared to shrink from being seated in her mistress's presence. "Please to let me go to the window," she said; "the air will help me."

To the window she went, and struggled with the passionate self so steadily kept under at other times; so obstinately conquered now. "What did you wish to say to me?" she asked.

"You have surprised—you have perplexed me," Iris said. "I am at a loss to understand how you discovered what seems to have passed between your master and Mr. Vimpany. You don't surely mean to tell me that they talked of their private affairs while you were waiting at table?"

"I don't tell lies, my lady," Fanny declared impulsively. "They talked of nothing else all through the dinner."

"Before you!" Iris exclaimed.

There was a pause. Fear and shame confessed themselves furtively on the maid's colourless face. Silently, swiftly, she turned to the door. Had a slip of the tongue hurried her into the betrayal of something which it was her interest to conceal? "Don't be alarmed," Iris said compassionately; "I have no wish to intrude on your secrets."

With her hand on the door, Fanny Mere closed it again, and came back.

"I am not so ungrateful," she said, "as to have any secrets from you. It's hard to confess what may lower me in your good opinion, but it must be done. I have deceived your ladyship—and I am ashamed of it. I have deceived the doctor—and I glory in it. My master and Mr. Vimpany thought they were safe in speaking French, while I was waiting on them. I know French as well as they do."

Iris could hardly believe what she heard. "Do you really mean what you say?" she asked.

"There's that much good in me," Fanny replied; "I always mean what I say."

"Why did you deceive me? Why have you been acting the part of an ignorant woman?"

"The deceit has been useful in your service," the obstinate maid declared. "Perhaps it may be useful again."

"Was that what you were thinking of," Iris said, "when you allowed me to translate English into French for you, and never told me the truth?"

"At any rate, I will tell you the truth, now. No: I was not thinking of you, when you wrote my errands for me in French—I was thinking again of some advice that was once given to me."

"Was it advice given by a friend?"

"Given by a man, my lady, who was the worst enemy I have ever had."

Her considerate mistress understood the allusion, and forbade her to distress herself by saying more. But, Fanny felt that atonement, as well as explanation, was due to her benefactress. Slowly, painfully, she described the person to whom she had referred. He was a Frenchman, who had been her music-master during the brief period at which she had attended a school: he had promised her marriage; he had persuaded her to elope with him. The little money that they had to live on was earned by her needle, and by his wages as accompanist at a music-hall. While she was still able to attract him, and to hope for the performance of his promise, he amused himself by teaching her his own language. When he deserted her, his letter of farewell contained, among other things, the advice to which she had alluded.

"In your station of life," this man had written, "Knowledge of French is still a rare accomplishment. Keep your knowledge to yourself. English people of rank have a way of talking French to each other, when they don't wish to be understood by their inferiors. In the course of your career, you may surprise secrets which will prove to be a little fortune, if you play your cards properly. Anyhow, it is the only fortune I have to leave to you." Such had been the villain's parting gift to the woman whom he had betrayed.

She had hated him too bitterly to be deprived by his advice.

On the contrary, when the kindness of a friend (now no longer in England) had helped her to obtain her first employment as a domestic servant, she had thought it might be to her interest to mention that she could read, write, and speak French. The result proved to be not only a disappointment, but a warning to her for the future. Such an accomplishment as a knowledge of a foreign language possessed by an Englishwoman, in her humble rank of life, was considered by her mistress to justify suspicion. Questions were asked, which it was impossible for her to answer truthfully. Small scandal drew its own conclusions—her life with the other servants became unendurable—she left her situation.

From that time, until the happy day when she met with Iris, concealment of her knowledge of French became a proceeding forced on her by her own poor interests. Her present mistress would undoubtedly have been taken into her confidence, if the opportunity had offered itself. But Iris had never encouraged her to speak of the one darkest scene in her life; and, for that reason, she had kept her own counsel until the date of her mistress's marriage. Distrusting the husband, and the husband's confidential friend—for were they not both men?—she had thought of the vile Frenchman's advice, and had resolved to give it a trial; not with the degrading motive which he had suggested, but with the vague presentiment of making a discovery of wickedness, threatening mischief under a French disguise, which might be of service to her benefactress at some future time.

"And I may still turn it to your advantage, my lady," Fanny ventured to add, "if you will consent to say nothing to anybody of your having a servant who has learnt French."

Iris looked at her coldly and gravely. "Must I remind you," she said, "that you are asking my help in practising a deception on my husband?"

"I shall be sent away," Fanny answered, "if you tell my master what I have told you."

This was indisputably true. Iris hesitated. In her present situation, the maid was the one friend on whom she could rely. Before her marriage, she would have recoiled from availing herself, under any circumstances, of such services as Fanny's reckless gratitude had offered to her. But the moral atmosphere in which she was living had begun, as Mrs. Vimpany had foreseen, to exert its baneful influence. The mistress descended to bargaining with the servant.

"Deceive the doctor," she said, "and I will remember that it may be for my good." She stopped, and considered for a moment. Her noble nature rallied its forces, and prompted her next words: "But respect your master, if you wish me to keep your secret. I forbid you to listen to what my lord may say, when he speaks with Mr. Vimpany to-morrow."

"I have already told your ladyship that I shall have no chance of listening to what they say to each other, out of doors," Fanny rejoined. "But I can watch the doctor, at any rate. We don't know what he may not do when he is left by himself, while my master is at the meeting. I want to try if I can follow that rogue through the streets, without his finding me out. Please to send me on an errand to Paris to-morrow."

"You will be running a terrible risk," her mistress reminded her, "if Mr. Vimpany discovers you."

"I'll take my chance of that," was the reckless reply.

Iris consented.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE MYSTERY OF THE HOSPITAL.

(On the next morning Lord Harry left the cottage, accompanied by the doctor.

After a long absence, he returned alone. His wife's worst apprehensions, roused by what Fanny had told her, were more than justified, by the change which she now perceived in him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face was haggard, his movements were feeble and slow. He looked like a man exhausted by some internal conflict, which had vibrated between the extremes of anger and alarm. "I'm tired to death," he said; "get me a glass of wine."

She waited on him with eager obedience, and watched anxiously for the reviving effect of the stimulant.

The little irritabilities which degrade humanity only prolong their mischievous existence, while the surface of life stagnates in calm. Their annihilation follows when strong emotion stirs in the depths, and raises the storm. The estrangement of the day before passed as completely from the minds of the husband and wife—both strongly agitated—as if it had never existed. All-mastering fear was busy at their hearts; fear, in the woman, of the unknown temptation which had tried the man; fear, in the man, of the tell-tale disturbance in him, which might excite the woman's suspicion. Without venturing to look at him, Iris said: "I am afraid you have heard bad news?" Without venturing to look at her, Lord Harry answered: "Yes, at the newspaper office." She knew that he was deceiving her; and he felt that she knew it. For awhile, they were both silent.

From time to time, she anxiously stole a look at him.

His mind remained absorbed in thought. There they were,

in the same room—seated near each other; united by the most intimate of human relationships—and yet how far, how cruelly far, apart! The slowest of all laggard minutes, the minutes which are reckoned by suspense, followed each other tardily and more tardily, before there appeared the first sign of a change. He lifted his drooping head. Sadly, longingly, he looked at her. The unerring instinct of true love encouraged his wife to speak to him.

"I wish I could relieve your anxieties," she said simply.

"Is there nothing I can do to help you?"

"Come here, Iris."

She rose and approached him. In the past days of the honeymoon and its sweet familiarities, he had sometimes taken her on his knee. He took her on his knee now, and put his arm round her. "Kiss me," he said.

With all her heart she kissed him. He sighed heavily; his eyes rested on her with a trustful appealing look which she had never observed in them before.

"Why do you hesitate to confide in me?" she asked. "Dear Harry, do you think I don't see that something troubles you?"

"Yes," he said, "there is something that I regret."

"What is it?"

"Iris," he answered, "I am sorry I asked Vimpany to come back to us."

At that unexpected confession, a bright flush of joy and pride overspread his wife's face. Again, the unerring instinct of love guided her to discovery of the truth. The opinion of his wicked friend must have been accidentally justified, at the secret interview of that day, by the friend himself! In tempting her husband, Vimpany had said something which must have shocked and offended him. The result, as she could hardly doubt, had been the restoration of her domestic influence to its helpful freedom of control—whether for the time only it was not in her nature, at that moment of happiness, to inquire. "After what you have just told me," she ventured to say, "I may own that I am glad to see you come home, alone."

In that indirect manner, she confessed the hope that friendly intercourse between the two men had come to an end. His reply disappointed her.

"Vimpany only remains in Paris," he said, "to present a letter of introduction. He will follow me home."

"Soon?" she asked, piteously.

"In time for dinner, I suppose." She was still sitting on his knee. His arm pressed her gently when he said his next words. "I hope you will dine with us to-day, Iris?"

"Yes—if you wish it."

"I wish it very much. Something in me recoils from being alone with Vimpany. Besides, a dinner at home without you is no dinner at all."

She thanked him for that little compliment by a look. At the same time, her grateful sense of her husband's kindness was embittered by the prospect of the doctor's return. "Is he likely to dine with us often, now?" she was bold enough to say.

"I hope not."

Perhaps he was conscious that he might have made a more positive reply. He certainly took refuge in another subject—more agreeable to himself.

"My dear, you have expressed the wish to relieve my anxieties," he said; "and you can help me, I think, in that way. I have a letter to write—of some importance, Iris, to your interests as well as to mine—which must go to Ireland by to-day's post. You shall read it, and say if you approve of what I have done. Don't let me be disturbed. This letter, I can tell you, will make a hard demand on my poor brains—I must go and write in my own room."

Left alone with the thoughts that now crowded on her mind, Iris found her attention claimed once more by passing events. Fanny Mere arrived, to report herself on her return from Paris.

She had so managed her departure from Passy as to precede Lord Harry and Mr. Vimpany, and to watch for their arrival in Paris by a later train. They had driven from the railway to the newspaper office—with the maid in attendance on them in another cab. When they separated, the doctor proceeded on foot to the Luxembourg Gardens. Wearing a plain black dress, and protected from close observation by her veil, Fanny followed him, cautiously keeping at a sufficient distance, now on one side of the street and now on the other. When my lord joined his friend, she just held them in view, and no more, as they walked up and down in the barest and loneliest part of the Gardens that they could find. Their talk having come to an end, they parted. Her master was the first who came out into the street; walking at a great rate, and looking most desperately upset. Mr. Vimpany next appeared, sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, grinning as if his own villanous thoughts were thoroughly amusing him. Fanny was now more careful than ever not to lose sight of the doctor. The course which he pursued led them to the famous hospital, called the Hôtel Dieu.

At the entrance she saw him take a letter out of his pocket, and give it to the porter. Soon afterwards, a person appeared who greeted him politely, and conducted him into the building. For more than an hour, Fanny waited to see Mr. Vimpany come out again, and waited in vain. What could he possibly want in a French hospital? And why had he remained in that foreign institution for so long a time? Baffled by these mysteries, and weary after much walking, Fanny made the best of her way home, and consulted her mistress.

Even if Iris had been capable of enlightening her, the opportunity was wanting. Lord Harry entered the room, with the letter which he had just written, open in his hand. As a matter of course, the maid retired.

(To be continued.)

The new buildings of the College of Medicine, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Duke of Northumberland in November 1887, were recently opened by the Mayor. Dr. Heath, president of the college, occupied the chair at the opening proceedings, and handed a cheque to the treasurer for 1000 guineas.

The second annual congress of the National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry will meet at Edinburgh on Oct. 27, on which day the congress sermon will be preached in St. Giles's Cathedral by the Rev. Professor Flint, D.D. On the following day the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., will deliver the presidential address. The week will be devoted to hearing addresses and to the reading and discussion of papers on various subjects—painting, by Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A.; applied art, by Mr. William Morris; sculpture, by Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A.; and architecture, by Dr. Rowand Anderson. The presidential address will be delivered in the Queen-street Hall, and the section meetings held in the rooms of the New National Portrait Gallery. There will also be held in connection with the congress free evening meetings of working men, when Mr. William Morris will speak on dyeing, Mr. Walter Crane on book illustration, Mr. Emery Walker on printing, and Mr. Cobden Sanderson on bookbinding, while Principal Cunningham and others will discourse on the organisation and uses of museums.



## CARDINAL NEWMAN:

If reverent esteem be due to an aged man of pure and gentle life, whose sole ambition has been to exercise his masterly faculties of logic and rhetoric for the promotion of a faith sincerely cherished and supposed by him to be conducive to piety, John Henry Newman deserves an "Eminence" among the "Men of the Day" which is not derived from the rank of Cardinal bestowed on him by the Roman Pope. Yet while, in the English literature of the nineteenth century, his writings are still valued as models of style, and the refined intellectual subtlety of his arguments will long be admired, we do not hesitate to say that his influence on the present generation is comparatively slight. The time is past when thoughtful men or women, not of the classes professionally or officially concerned with ecclesiastical institutions, could take any great interest in the controversy between the Roman Catholic and the Anglican Church, or in those between the High Church and the "Evangelical" section of the Establishment or between the Church of England and Dissenting religious organisations. Ministers of all denominations have to defend their respective claims to attention; but the laity, seeking independent grounds of belief, and testing all notions of spiritual life by reason and experience, all theological traditions by historical and philosophical criticism, have got far beyond the obligation to subscribe to any dogmatic creed. The appointed ministry, whether a priesthood claiming sacerdotal powers or a simple preachingship and pastorate, is respected as an agency of consolation, of moral instruction, and of social charity. The Bible, especially the New Testament, cannot cease to be earnestly studied as the source of such teaching and the vehicle of inspiring hopes for the spiritual destiny of mankind. But the majority of earnest religious minds, outside the ministerial profession, are now fully determined to apply free thought to every theological proposition. We believe that vital Christianity will stand the ordeal of such an investigation. Cardinal Newman is foremost of those learned divines who have, Catholics and Protestants alike, solemnly warned us to renounce free thought concerning the authority of the Church and the authenticity and veracity of the Scriptures. For sixty years past, no voice has been raised with more effective consistency than his, against what he calls "false liberty of thought, or the exercise of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and therefore is out of place." In this canon of negation, it is curious to observe, the author of "The Grammar of Assent" and of the "Apologia" precisely coincides with the equally consistent apostles of scientific Agnosticism: Professor Huxley, Mr. Herbert Spencer, or the late Mr. Darwin might have uttered that very sentence. There are, however, not a few equally free and independent modern thinkers who study "the constitution of the human mind" expressly for the purpose of discerning whether thought is entirely "out of place" in analysing the phenomena of the spiritual life, and in estimating the likelihood of divine relations. To these rational inquirers, of course, the doctrines of any Church, the opinions of any religious teacher, the expressions of religious emotion or sentiment in any collection of sacred books, appear worthy of study; and the writings of Cardinal Newman afford not the least instructive specimens of theological belief. Whether, in the ultimate issue of the mental progress of this age, they will contribute much to enhance the authority of the Church of Rome, is quite another consideration. England is apparently in no imminent danger of surrendering the civil and religious liberty, the social freedom, the intellectual activity, and the material prosperity gained by the Protestant Reformation—an event which Cardinal Newman deplores.

The famous attempt of a small party of young scholars and clergymen at Oxford, between 1833 and 1843, to set back the hands of the clock to an earlier hour, in English Church matters, and to discard all ideas and habits of religion later than the "Great National Apostasy" of the sixteenth century, is within the remembrance of many who are now living. Of the so-called "Tractarians," there was a leading triumvirate, consisting of Keble, Pusey, and Newman, distinguished as well by zeal as by genius and learning; but, as Mr. Fronde has remarked, "John Henry Newman was the moving power; the two others were of inferior mental strength." Born in 1801, son of a London banker, he was educated first at a private school at Ealing, subsequently at Trinity College, Oxford, and in 1823 was elected a Fellow of Oriel College. He took orders next year, held a curacy near Oxford, was appointed in 1825 Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, became a college tutor of Oriel and examiner for the University; wrote a "History of the Arians," and obtained the vicarage of St. Mary's Church, with the chaplaincy of Littlemore. His impressive sermons at St. Mary's commanded great attention. After a tour in Italy and Sicily, during which he composed the beautiful hymn "Lead, kindly Light," Newman joined his intimate friends at Oxford in writing down English Protestantism, which he has described as "the dreariest of possible religions." At a later period, since he became a Romanist, he has said, "The thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder." But in the celebrated "Tract 90," of the series *Tracts for the Times*, he contended that a clergyman who held the chief Roman Catholic doctrines might very well subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, and might use all the formularies of the Established Church. This Tract was formally censured by the Hebdomadal Board or Governing Council of the University, and a storm of indignation arose, all over England, at the reputed disloyalty and treachery of such conduct, and what seemed the immoral sophistry that allowed it. The agitation went on for some years, with rather increasing force, while Dr. Newman continued to advocate his views in the *British Critic*, and laid out, with his associates, a "Via Media" scheme of semi-Anglican, semi-Romanist doctrine. This could not last; so, in 1843, he resigned his offices in the Church of England, and in 1845 was admitted into the Church of Rome. After a visit to the Papal Court, in October 1846, Dr. Newman settled at Birmingham, where he established the Oratory, a college of priests and missionaries labouring among the poor in that town. The institution is now located in Hagley-road, Edgbaston, with a school for youths of the Catholic nobility and gentry, and with a small country house or lodge at Rednal; it has been Dr. Newman's home ever since its foundation. He also founded, in 1850, the Brompton Oratory, in London, and for some years took part in directing the Irish Catholic University in Dublin. In 1879 Dr. Newman was invited by Pope Pius IX. to Rome, was received with great honours, and was created a Cardinal of the Church.

The writings of this great literary expositor of obsolete controversies, and of dogmas now left to stand or fall as they may in the tide of current opinion, are, perhaps, the finest English prose compositions of our time. Many of his sermons and lectures contain matter that is profitable, for religious instruction, even to Protestants, or to Rationalist readers. Upon several occasions, no doubt reluctantly, he has been drawn into sharp personal discussion with opponents who endeavoured to impugn his consistency. In 1864 there

was a brisk cut-and-thrust passage of arms between him and the late Canon Kingsley; and Mr. Gladstone, in 1870, tackled him on the question of Papal Infallibility and the Decree of the Vatican Council. The action for libel brought against Dr. Newman in 1852 by the notorious Father Achilli, a disgraced Italian priest whom he charged with gross acts of profligacy, was a painful affair, but no one could impute Dr. Newman's accusation to personal malice. Dr. Newman is the author of poems, of which "The Dream of Gerontius," a vision of the future life of the soul, is the most remarkable; romances, "Callista," a story of the martyrs of ancient Rome, and "Loss and Gain," the story of a modern convert; his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," an interesting autobiography; many pamphlets and published letters, treatises of ecclesiastical history, and "The Grammar of Assent," which proves that the acutest logician may lack sound inductive reasoning in quest of likely truth.

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

Sir Coutts Lindsay turns for a second time to pastels to furnish the attractions of his autumn exhibition. His last year's venture has certainly encouraged many artists to try their skill in a medium which had for long fallen, in this country at least, into neglect. It is difficult to believe that the results will be beneficial to art generally, although many artists who find it difficult to dispose of oil pictures will perhaps be grateful to the director of the Grosvenor Gallery for directing the current of fashion towards a "cheaper article." A very large proportion of the names of those who exhibit on the present occasion are little known either in the world of art or of fashion; and those who are better circumstanced send few works that are above the level of mediocrity. Perhaps it is the want of any correct standard of pastel work in this country which renders its pursuit, especially by novices, so difficult; while in France it has been so vigorously pursued by the Impressionists that "the trail of that serpent" is too frequently discoverable in works which have no pretensions to belong to that school. It may seem almost paradoxical to assert that among the four hundred and odd works exhibited at the Grosvenor, an unobtrusive little portrait (400), by Madame Arsène Darmesteter, hidden away in the last room, seems to recall most forcibly the work of the older pastel painters, who gave a momentary *voque* to the art in the last century. It is the half-length figure of a young girl seated at a table, resting her head upon her hand. The pose is quite homely, and the colouring not only subdued but thoroughly harmonised throughout; while the artist has aimed at nothing which is not fairly within the domain of this branch of art.

Commencing, however, with the West Gallery, in which are to be found most of the important pictures, the clever sketch of "Mittenheim Pool" (14), by Mr. Gabriel Thomson, is an instance of how easily the limitations of pastel work are reached. The white fleecy clouds are rendered with considerable effect and lightness; but the rest of the landscape would gain much if painted in water colours. Miss Florence Small's figure of a young girl in white reading "The Poet" (19) whose volume she holds in her hand is graceful and pretty, and in strong contrast with Mr. Otto Scholderer's portrait of Miss Breul (25), in a green dress and black hat, worked out with such an elaborate attention to detail as to make us almost regret that he should not have thrown equal talent into an oil-painting. Mr. St. George Hare's portrait of Mr. G. F. Montfort (37), in evening dress and a wide expanse of white shirt-front, is rather too *bruyant* and realistic; while Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Mauve and Gold" (40)—a lady in a dress of the first colour, against a yellow background—is only interesting as a study of colour. Among the numerous works of Mr. W. Llewellyn, who holds a high place among modern pastellists, the broad estuary of the "River Camel at Padstow" (35) deserves especial notice as showing a fine effect of suffused light upon the green water; and in his highly finished picture of Mrs. Raymond Radclyffe (77), in a light-blue dress and a marabout fan, we have one of the best portraits in the exhibition. Mr. St. Clair Simmons's "Idyll" (55), a girl lying on her back under the trees of an orchard, is neither graceful nor interesting, although an ambitious work; and the same must be said of Mr. Solomon Solomon's "Amazon" (83), a nude figure in snake-like coils on a tiger-skin.

Among the French artists who contribute, M. Emile Lévy carries away the prize with his "Etude d'Enfant" (68), a little child sitting up in its bed—and the still more charming naïve little girl in Japanese costume (106) who seems thoroughly suited to the character with her dark wondering eyes and pursed-up little mouth. M. Blanche, who belongs to the Impressionists, contributes a somewhat remarkable study of child-life, "Simona and her Doll" (123), in which the resemblance of the one to the other can scarcely be flattering to her parents, while as a work of art it offends all our prejudices with regard to beauty of line. Mlle. Anna Bilinska's "Gamin" (126A) is strongly worked out and full of character, but rather overdone. M. F. de Marneff Stark may also be classed among the Frenchmen, for his very clever portrait of Mlle. McC. (118) has all the character of the Paris school. To these we may add M. Nozal's brilliant view of cliff and sea from the Falaise d'Orval (178), while M. Hubert Vos, who represents a sort of midway between English and foreign art, has a very effective study of an Arab woman, "Abdallah" (115), in peasant or gypsy costume, on which he has expended considerable pains.

Returning to our own fellow-countrymen, we remark with but little surprise that Mr. W. Stott of Oldham finds in pastels a congenial medium for displaying his effects of cloud and stretches of sand and snow. Some of his Swiss sketches are interesting as rapid translations of mountain scenery, and among these the "Eiger" (120) stands out boldly amid the surrounding mist. Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait of Mr. Robert B. Martineau (129) is also noteworthy as a piece of careful work, in which the artist has accomplished the difficult task of combining a sense of ease and *abandon* with the rendering of a striking face. Mr. Ernest Sichel's "Ellen" (136), a full-length figure in grey; Miss Helen Hatton's "Little Miss Prue" (137); and Mr. Hubert Vos's portrait of Mrs. Sutton (140), in a black dress, also deserve notice.

In the East Gallery there are some portraits of considerable ambition—and a few less ambitious but more successful—as a rule, full-length figures little less than life-size, and in our opinion wholly unsuited to this branch of art, and the original workers in it were careful to avoid the dangers which are inevitable to its use. For this reason we cannot congratulate Mr. Ellis Roberts upon his portrait of the Honourable Hilda Keppel (188), a full-length figure in white, notwithstanding its grace and softness; and, while admitting the skill displayed in many other works in this room, we cannot but feel that in too many instances the artists have erred in attempting life-size portraits. Mrs. Louise Jopling goes as nearly as possible to the limits in her "Michaelmas Daisy" (146), of which the colour and finish are very delightful; but Mr. Charles Vigor's portrait of Mrs. Tennant (155), a charming face; Mr. F. M. Skipworth's "Butterfly of Fashion" (163), a fair-haired lady in a black dress; Mr. St. George Hare's portrait of a

lady (212) in a white dress against a pink background; Mrs. Delissa Joseph's "Bit of Old Blue" (242), a *tour de force* in colour; and Mr. St. George Hare's Miss Charlton (255), a seated figure in blue, are all of them instances of a tendency towards size rather than refinement, which we cannot but regard as unfortunate. Among the other pictures in the room we may mention Mr. W. Llewellyn's "Sunshine and Cloud" (210), Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Nerissa" (223), Miss Dora Noyes's "Last Days of Autumn" (214), and Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Roger" (262), a clever study.

In the smaller rooms, which are filled almost to overcrowding, a number of well-known names are to be found—such as those of Mr. W. J. Hennessey, Mr. Haynes Williams, Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, Mr. Arthur Severn, and others, showing how attractive this slight and, up to a certain point, easy work is in favour with our artists in oils and water colours. Of the less-known competitors for distinction we may mention Miss E. Tolhurst's "Amy" (365), a figure in fancy costume; Miss C. Flood-Jones's clever portrait of the Precentor of Westminster Abbey (405), Mr. Coutts Michie's head of the Marchioness of Huntly (446), and various works by Miss Ada Holland, Mr. Arthur Haynes, and Miss Ellen Montalba.

There are a few pieces of sculpture scattered through the rooms. Mr. T. Nelson Maclean being especially well represented, not only by his own work, which is too well known and appreciated to need special notice, but also by the promising works of two of his pupils—Mrs. Freeman Gell and Miss Beatrice Brown. Both Count and Countess Gleichen show their continued devotion to art, the latter especially distinguishing herself by some sketches of groups for a chimney-piece.

## THE STUDY OF THE LAW.

Lord Justice Lindley gave an excellent opening address in connection with the new session of the law department of the Owens College, Manchester. Law, he said, was a branch of that larger subject which went by the name of ethics or morals. The rules of it were not to be found, at all events in this country, in a pocket volume of 500 pages. "Every Man His Own Lawyer" would soon take them to their solicitor's offices in trouble. Law was a collection of rules, and each rule was to be studied by itself; but there were principles underlying them which could be mastered, and which might enable them to solve difficulties as they arose with more or less success. He had been a law student for forty years, and he intended to be one as long as his brains would work. Law was to him an engrossing subject. It was a succession of problems arising out of human conduct, the solution of which was to certain minds, of which his was one, a very great charm. It was said that the law as a profession was not what it used to be, and that it was hardly worth entering upon now. He believed, however, that that was a mistake. There never was a time, as far as his knowledge went, when so much had been doing, and was doing, to render the law free from technicality, and to make good sense and reason and love of truth and justice prevail. Subtleties which would have been listened to twenty-five years ago were now laughed at. He advised young lawyers always to master their parts, and never to do anything when they were angry. They should never advise an appeal on the day they lost a case. He would like to see law studied more as a branch of a liberal education, and, in conclusion, he urged that electors should be shown how great a responsibility rested upon them in voting for candidates for Parliament or such bodies as County Councils.

Admiral Lord Clanwilliam has given £100 to the Chapel Building Fund of the Royal Naval School, Eltham, and the Countess of Clanwilliam has promised a pulpit of like value.

At the Sailors' Congress, at Cardiff, the executive committee were instructed to draw up a uniform rate of wages for sailors throughout the kingdom. It was also resolved to take steps for improving the political status of seamen.

A gun-boat of 805 tons, for the Government, has been launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Scott and Co., of Greenock. She is named the Thrush, and is a sister-ship to the gun-boat Sparrow, launched recently by the same firm.

The French Minister of Agriculture, M. Léopold Fays, has conferred the Order du Mérite Agricole on three Englishmen, these being the first of our countrymen on whom this decoration has been conferred. The recipients are Sir Jacob Wilson, the hon. director of the Royal Agricultural Society; Mr. Ernest Clarke, the secretary to the society; and Mr. Henry F. Moore, well known as a writer on agricultural subjects.

St. Michael's Church, East Teignmouth, has been reopened after undergoing complete restoration and the erection of a new tower, at a total cost of £2500. The tower, which is a magnificent specimen of English architecture, is 111 ft. high, with bold turrets, bells, and clock chambers. The foundation-stone having been laid in 1887, the structure has been called the Jubilee Tower, and a telegram was sent by the Vicar to the Queen, notifying the opening.

The new church of Portsea, which has been built at a cost of £40,000, from the designs of Sir Arthur Blomfield, was consecrated on Oct. 10 by the Bishop of Winchester, in the presence of a crowded congregation. Towards the cost an anonymous layman gave, at the outset, £15,000; and subsequent donations represented a total gift of more than £22,000. The Bishops of Winchester, Lichfield, Newcastle, and Guildford, Bishop Tuffnell, the Deans of Winchester and Chichester, and two hundred of the capitular and parochial clergy formed in the procession.

At the recent examination for Entrance Scholarships in the London Hospital Medical College, the first Science Scholarship (£60) was awarded to Mr. C. P. Harris; the second (£40) to Mr. G. H. Cowen. The first Buxton Scholarship (£30) was awarded to Mr. O. O. Williams; and the second (£20) to Mr. E. F. G. Tucker. At Charing-Cross Hospital Medical School, Mr. A. G. Harvey, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been awarded the Universities Scholarship of fifty guineas.

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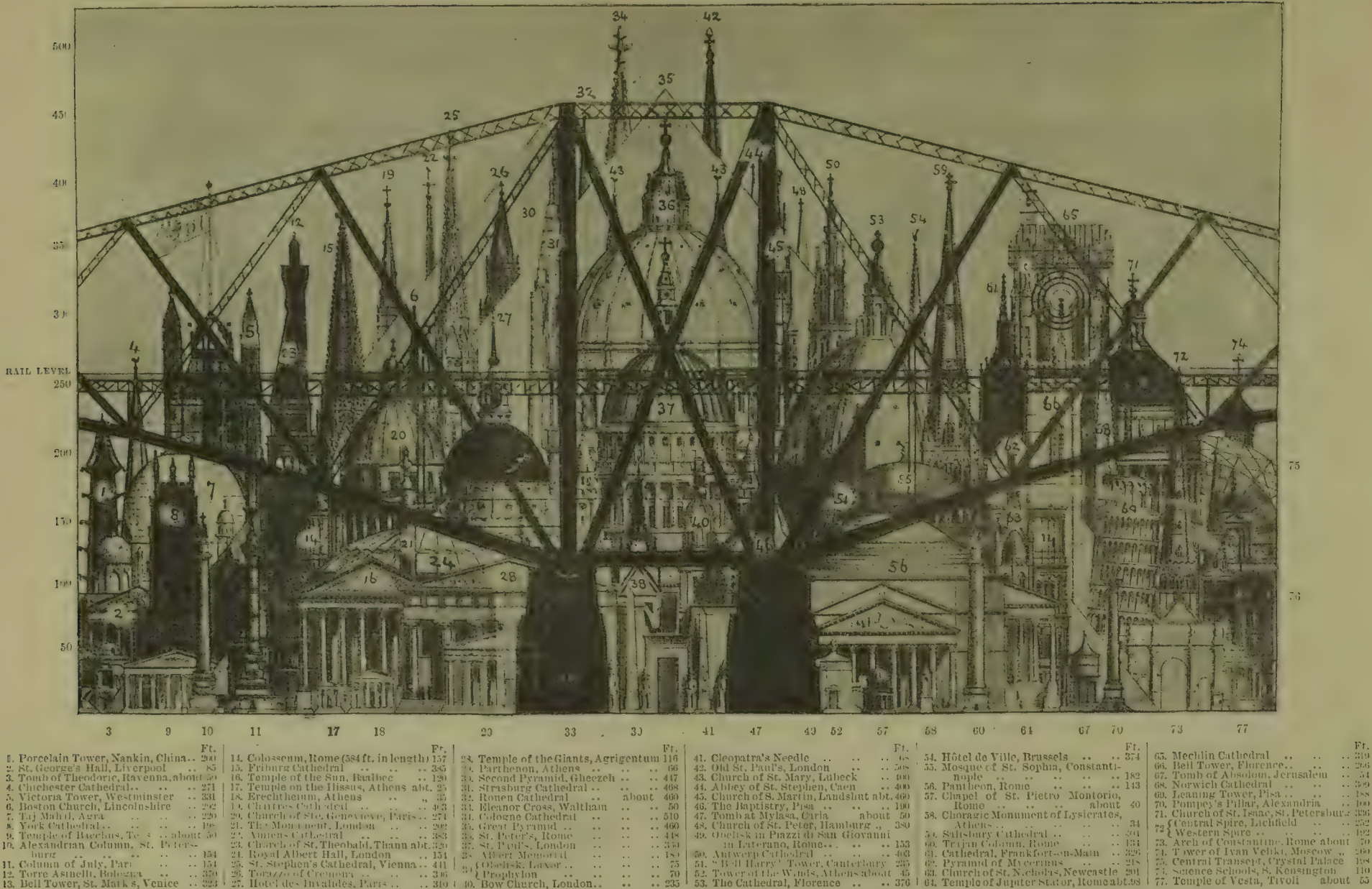
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THE FORTH BRIDGE AT QUEENSFERRY, ON THE NORTH BRITISH RAILWAY: VIEW FROM THE SOUTH SHORE.





HEIGHTS OF SOME OF THE GREAT BUILDINGS OF THE WORLD COMPARED WITH THE FORTH BRIDGE.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

Last week we gave some illustrations of this magnificent structure, and we now present a continuation of them. In the article accompanying the first batch of illustrations the practical object to be attained by means of the bridge, as well as that of the Tay Bridge, is stated; the principle on which the bridge was constructed is there explained; and some interesting details connected with the work are set forth. We now give a large view of the bridge taken from the South Queensferry end, which will convey a good idea of the work in its completed condition. In the former article, some of the principal measurements were dealt with, comparing them with similar distances of well-known thoroughfares in London; but the small elevation, with section of the firth, to which are added the principal dimensions, may now be more carefully studied, so as to realise the gigantic nature of the work. This elevation will show more clearly than the large view the extent of the viaducts at each end of the bridge, by which it is connected with the higher level of the land. New lines of railway had to be made to connect the bridge with the existing lines. Instead of the old branch from Ratho to Queensferry, which is somewhat roundabout, a more direct line has been made from near the Corstorphine station to the bridge; and on the Fife side the new line has some very heavy cuttings, as well as embankments, which are yet unfinished, and may delay the opening of the bridge for traffic till the end of the year. The bridge itself is being completed very close upon the contract time. It was announced that on Sept. 27 last the girder between the south cantilever and the one on Inch Garvie was so nearly finished that, by means of a gangway, a party of ladies and gentlemen passed over. It has since been announced that this part of the work has been successfully accomplished, and that the junction on the north side is also nearly done.

The View of Inch Garvie, on which the great central cantilever rests, will show what a small rocky islet it is; yet, small as it may be, the engineers say they could not have produced the Forth Bridge if it had not existed in that particular spot. A glance at the elevation and section of the firth will make its importance understood. It is an interesting episode to see the old feudal keep turned to a scientific purpose; the wooden erection on the top of it is a wind-gauge, which was put up when the bridge was commenced in order to chronicle the pressure of the air under every condition, with a view to its action on the bridge. This will show the careful attention of the engineers, and that they have left no point affecting the stability of their work unconsidered. The last time that Inch Garvie showed its teeth was when Paul Jones visited the firth; previous to that the upper part of the firth was a place of refuge for vessels from

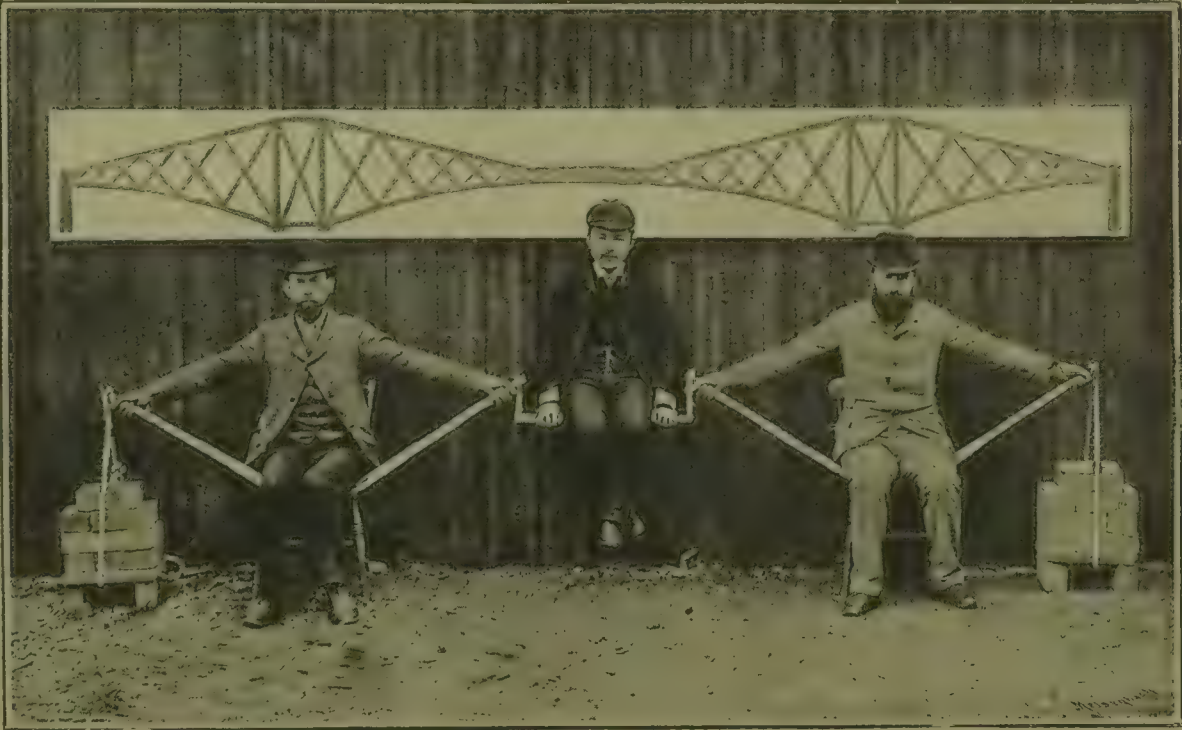
pirates, Inch Garvie being the shield or protecting power; and the lord of the rocky keep had the right of exacting tonnage from all who sought his shelter. It is insinuated that at one time the owner of the keep had a vessel of his own, and when things were not brisk this craft appeared about Inch May or Berwick, as a pirate, and chased ships up the firth, so as to bring grist to the mill. Science, it will be seen from this, is not quite a new feature at Inch Garvie.

One of the illustrations is that of a cantilever pier. There is one at each end of the bridge, where the bridge joins on to the viaducts. The extremity of the cantilever is attached to the pier, and is held down by an immense mass of iron concealed under the arch; this iron being a counterpoise to the weight of the girders at the other extremity. These piers are built with granite, and their height is indicated by stating that the rails on which the train runs is over 150 ft. above the sea. One illustration represents a curious device, invented by some of the engineers on the work, to convey an idea of the cantilever principle. The two side figures represent cantilevers: each has a weight of stones attached to his outer arm; this stands for the cantilever pier, with its counterpoise weight; while the central figure is the equivalent of the girder portion of the bridge between the cantilevers. A simple diagram behind the figures shows what part of the bridge each of the figures represents. The principle of cantilever construction is more fully explained in our former article, which may be referred to on this subject. In that article was also described how the caissons were constructed on the beach and launched as ships are on ways. We give here a sketch of one of these caissons

being towed to its place, where it was sunk for building the granite piers on which the cantilevers rest. Another illustration shows the men at work at the bottom of the caisson, which is described in our previous issue. A diaphragm, or flooring, was made seven feet from the bottom, and this served the purpose of a diving-bell, in which, by means of the electric light, the men excavated the foundations of the piers. The men in this illustration are at the bottom of the firth, and working with the air round them at a pressure equal to two atmospheres, or about thirty-two pounds to the square inch. A number of small steamers had to be employed in carrying out the work. Some of these were for taking and bringing the men to their work, evening and morning, and at meal times. The three cantilevers were separated until only the other day, and all communication between them had to be done by steamers. Every kind of material required had to be carried from the shore by the same means.

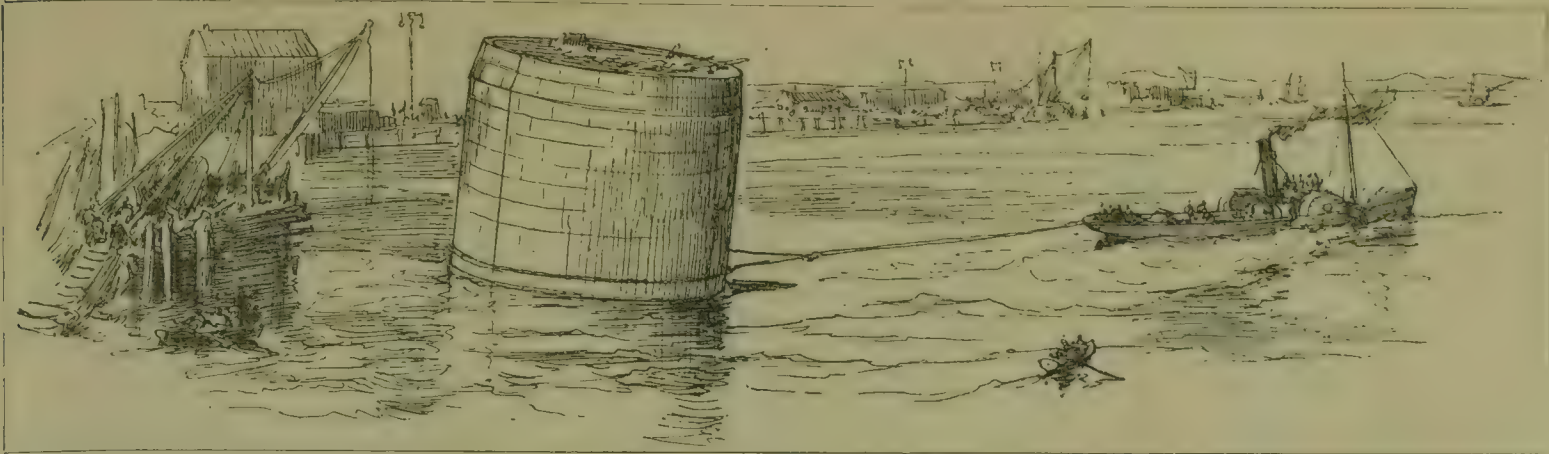
The great size of the Forth Bridge is not realised by anyone at first seeing it. In this respect it is like all buildings noted for their magnitude. The Great Pyramid is the same, so is St. Peter's at Rome or St. Paul's in London. St. Paul's is seldom seen from a distance, owing to the smoke, but a glimpse of it from Hampstead Heath shows how it towers up above everything near it. To realise the height of the Forth Bridge, go a mile or so away, either up or down the firth, and it will be found that when everything around it has dwindled into nothing or to mere specks, the three great cantilevers still appear to tower high up into the air. Some critics complain that the bridge wants ornamentation—that it is not æsthetic—but these people seem to forget the size that has to be ornamented. The tubes and girders have to be estimated by miles of length or by acres of surface; the mere covering it all over with a single coat of paint is a huge task. In such an undertaking the engineers devoted their thoughts to other considerations: strength of material, permanency of construction, security in every detail, were the objects to be attained; no time or consideration has been spared to accomplish these ends, and the result is a model which engineers from other parts of the world are now following. Last summer the American engineers visited the bridge, and with admiration expressed their approval of everything connected with it. Already they have adopted the principle of the cantilever, and are constructing bridges on the same plan. M. Eiffel, the builder of the Eiffel Tower, is now expected on a visit to the bridge, accompanied by a large party of French engineers. We have already given a comparison of the size and quantity of work in the Eiffel Tower and the Forth Bridge.

In the meantime excellent progress has been made with the construction of the railway lines which are to connect the bridge



MEN SITTING ON A MODEL CANTILEVER, TO SHOW THE MECHANICAL PRINCIPLE OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.





TOWING ONE OF THE CAISSONS FOR THE FORTH BRIDGE.

with the general railway system of the east and north of Scotland. These connecting lines are (1) a short branch line from Inverkeithing along the north shore of the Firth of Forth to Burntisland, over which the trains to Dundee and Aberdeen will be run; and (2) a longer branch line from Kinross through Glen Farg to Bridge of Earn on the direct line from Ladybank to Perth. Glen Farg is a romantic and finely wooded ravine in the Ochills, through which the turnpike from Kinross to Perth now runs. The beauty of the route is considerably marred at present by the railway works; but in a year or two these scars will be healed (as they have been at Killiecrankie and elsewhere) by the recuperative power of Nature, and the railway ride will be one of the most picturesque in Scotland. The effect of the completion of the Forth Bridge, and of these attendant railways, will be a revolution in the railway traffic of Scotland. At present the fastest trains between Edinburgh and Perth require two hours and seven minutes via Stirling and two hours and twenty-three minutes via Burntisland. When the Forth Bridge is completed the run from Edinburgh to Perth will be made in one hour. This reduction will, of course, affect the traffic in the whole of Scotland north of Perth. The journey from Edinburgh to Aberdeen will be made in three and a half hours, instead of four and a half or five. The journey to Inverness will be completed in six and a half hours instead of eight. Viewed from the standpoint of London, this acceleration will give an enormous advantage to the East Coast companies—for, in point of time, Inverness, Aberdeen, and all the circumjacent regions will be from an hour to an hour and a half nearer to London by the East Coast route than by the West. A glance at the sketch map given last week will enable anyone to see the gain which the new route will effect.

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The proceedings of this celebration could only be spoken of partially until now, most of the performances having taken place too late for previous record. As already intimated, the opening day was appropriated to Berlioz's "Faust" music in the morning, with Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. W. Mills as solo vocalists. The evening brought forward one of the festival novelties—a cantata entitled "The Sword of Argantyr," composed by Mr. F. Corder for the Leeds Festival. The book (by the composer) is based on an old Scandinavian legend, in which a sword, forged by magic power, has this warning engraved on the blade: "Draw me not unless in fray, Drawn I wound, and, wounding, slay." Its possessor, King Argantyr, is killed by the weapon, the sword being then buried in his grave, which is surrounded by a barrier of fire. In course of time the clan of the deceased Argantyr, being held in thrall by their enemies, are freed by a maiden named Hervor, a descendant of the late King. She boldly visits his grave, calls up the shade of her ancestor, and recovers the magic weapon, having been guided and aided by the Shepherd Hjalmar. She has been admonished by the deceased King that she must wed Hafod, the son of King Godmund, and that they and their offspring will ultimately fall by the magic sword. The Shepherd, in his devotion to Hervor, vows that he will himself free her and her people by means of the sword; but in the struggle by which she seeks to gain possession of the weapon, it pierces Hjalmar, who dies. Hervor's expression of grief, and a choral address urging her to return and fulfil her patriotic destiny in the north, form the conclusion of the cantata. On this framework Mr. Corder has constructed a book which gives occasion for a series of pieces for solo voices and chorus. The music is of a very ambitious kind; the effort at originality sometimes tending towards eccentricity. In his use of representative themes, and his extreme harmonic transitions, Mr. Corder is apparently much influenced by the style of Wagner; whom he likewise follows in the abundance and the elaborateness of the florid orchestral details. These and the choral portions of the score are generally the most effective. Among the numbers that seemed to be best appreciated in performance were the opening chorus, the declamatory Legend of the Sword, the chorus of sirens, the very pleasing orchestral "Intermezzo," in pastoral style, the love duet for Hervor and Hjalmar, the chorus describing the "mountain of fire," and the impressive choral climax. The solo music of Hervor was dramatically rendered by Madame Valleria, notwithstanding her indisposition. Mr. Piercy and Mr. B. Foote gave effect, respectively, to the music of Hjalmar and Eric (a sea captain); and subordinate passages were assigned to Mr. Ferguson. Mr. Corder—who conducted his cantata—was recalled after the close, and warmly applauded.

The second morning performance comprised one of Bach's church cantatas, "God's time is the best," and Handel's "Acis and Galatea"—two admirable specimens of the old masters—Schubert's Mass in E flat having been placed between the works just named, which were strongly contrasted by the melodic beauty of the more modern work of the last-

named composer. The solo vocalists in the second morning's programme were Misses Macintyre and H. Wilson; Mr. Piercy, Mr. I. McKay, and Mr. Brereton. The evening concert (on Oct. 10) brought forward another of the festival novelties, Dr. Creser's cantata "The Sacrifice of Freia." The composer is a professor who is held in much esteem in Leeds. The book of his cantata was written by the late Dr. Hueffer; who, but for his untimely death, would doubtless have extended its proportions. Hence, the cantata is brief in extent, and leaves at its close a somewhat fragmentary impression. Like Mr. Corder's work, the subject is based on a Scandinavian legend. We have the worship of the Norse goddess Freia, in the varied phases of love, beauty, spring-tide, and war. There are choruses of priests, warriors, and maidens, with incidental solo passages for a maiden, a warrior, and

consequence, as these and other novelties of the festival will soon have to be spoken of again in reference to their London performance.

The closing day of the festival (October 12) was occupied with a varied selection of music more or less familiar. In the morning, Brahms's impressive "Requiem" was given, followed by Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the solo vocalists of the day having been Madame Albani, Miss Damian, Miss Fillunger (in lieu of Madame Valleria, whose continued indisposition hindered her reappearance), Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills. The festival closed, on the evening of October 12, with Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," preceded by the overture and some of the incidental music composed by him recently for the Lyceum production of "Macbeth"—an appropriate tribute to the distinguished composer who had



AIR-CHAMBER IN A CAISSON OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

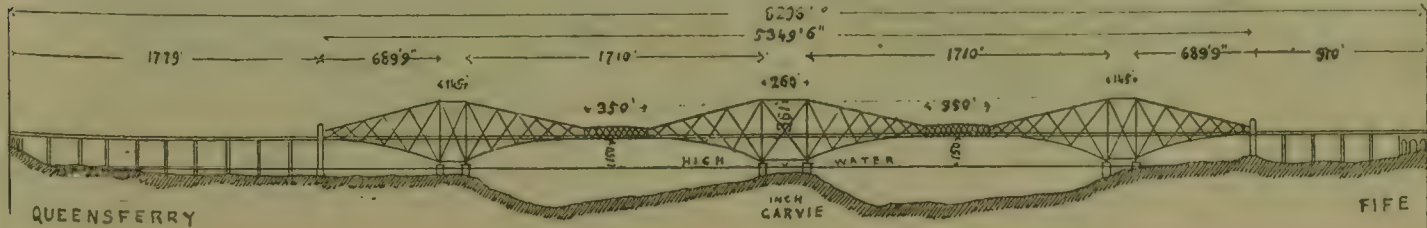
the High Priest. The music of Dr. Creser shows much of that Wagnerian influence which so largely pervades the modern German school. Representative themes are largely used, and other signs of the tendency just specified are abundantly apparent. Much musicianly skill and earnestness of purpose are to be recognised, and the cantata may be accepted as a work of promise if not of great fulfilment. It was very warmly received at Leeds. The solo portions received full justice from Miss Macintyre, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton. The concert now referred to included Dr. Mackenzie's new violin solo, composed for, and performed by, Señor Sarasate. The work is entitled "Pibroch," and has, accordingly, some incidental reflections of Scottish character; the title being that of a series of variations, with eccentric grace notes on a theme called the "Urral," applicable to the bagpipe. Dr. Mackenzie's work consists of three divisions. "Rhapsody," "Caprice," and "Dance," each of which is written with the fluency and skill of an experienced composer, those portions intended for the display of the solo instrument being specially suited for that purpose, the composer's early training having included a mastery of the violin. The solo now referred to was admirably played by Señor Sarasate, Dr. Mackenzie having conducted.

Two more novelties were produced at the performances of Friday, Oct. 11—Dr. Parry's setting of Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and Dr. Stanford's ballad for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, "The Voyage of Maeldune," the text

so admirably fulfilled the office of conductor during the week—with the exception of the pieces otherwise directed, as specified. The soloists in the cantata were Madame Albani, Miss Damian, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. W. Mills.

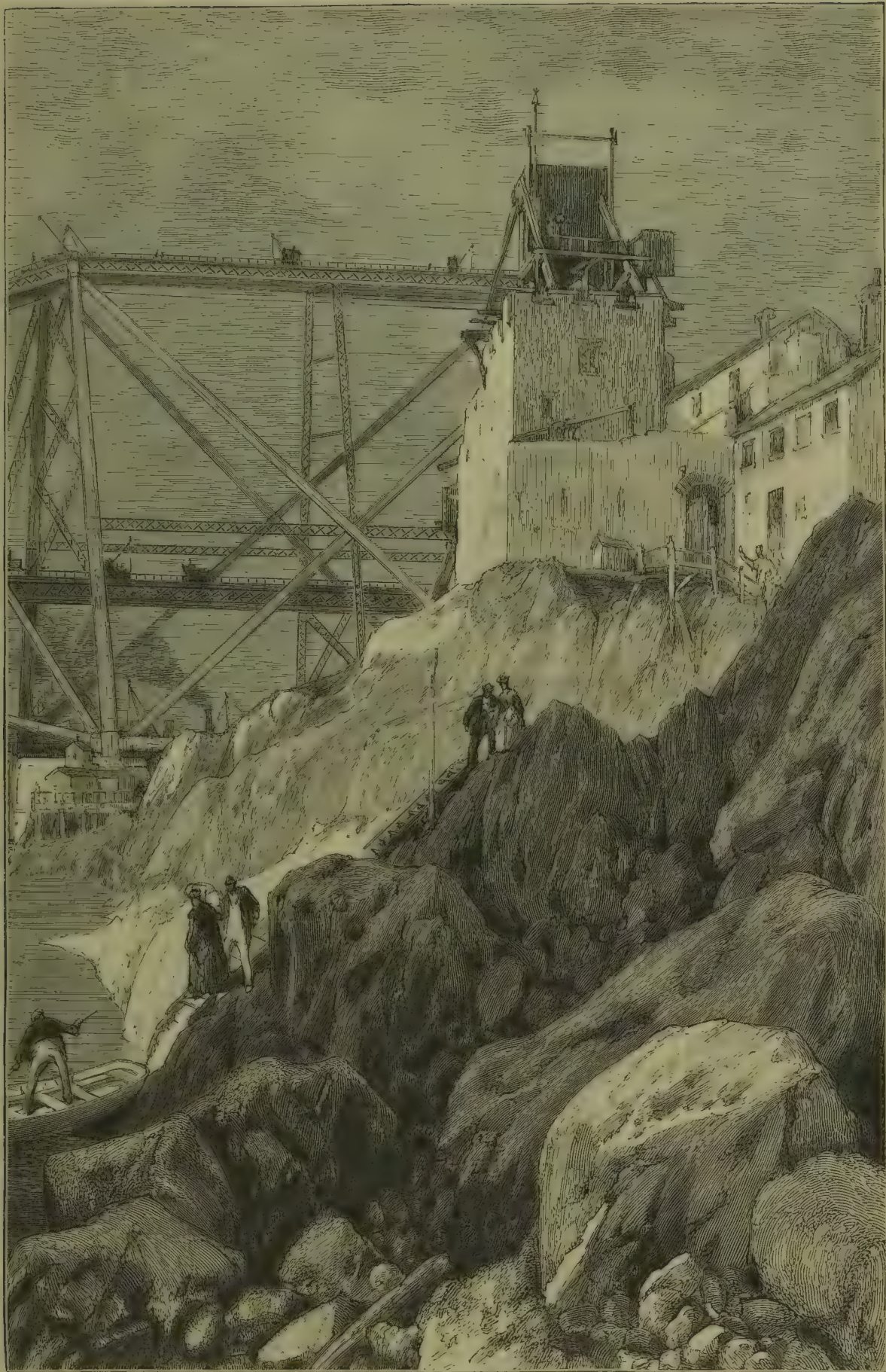
Besides the works already mentioned, the programmes of the evening concerts included some special, although not novel, features: the third act of "Tannhäuser," Spohr's masterly symphony "The Concentration of Sound," Beethoven's choral symphony, and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music—not to mention other items. Throughout the festival, the splendid singing of the Yorkshire choristers was a special feature. This was notable in nearly all the works in which a chorus was employed, and the grand quality of tone and general efficiency of the choristers were manifested, independently, in a part-song by Mr. C. H. Lloyd and a madrigal by Wilbye. Mr. A. Broughton, the chorus-master, has reason to be proud of results to which his earnest and skilful superintendence has largely conducted. The orchestra, led by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, was of first-rate excellence. The Leeds Festival of 1889 has been successful in its artistic and (we believe) in its financial aspects.

The Promenade Concerts are still pursuing their course, those at Covent-Garden being prolonged beyond the original intention in consequence of their great success. The most recent classical night included performances of Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and Weber's "Concert-Stück," the pianist in this having been Miss F. Waud. The vocalists of the evening were Miss L. Hill, Madame Belle-Cole, and Mr. H. Stubbs, the gentleman having suddenly replaced Mr. O. Harley, in consequence of the indisposition of the latter. The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre also vary their programmes by occasionally devoting a portion thereof to classical music. The brilliant violin-playing of M. Tivadar Nachez has been among the prominent features of late.

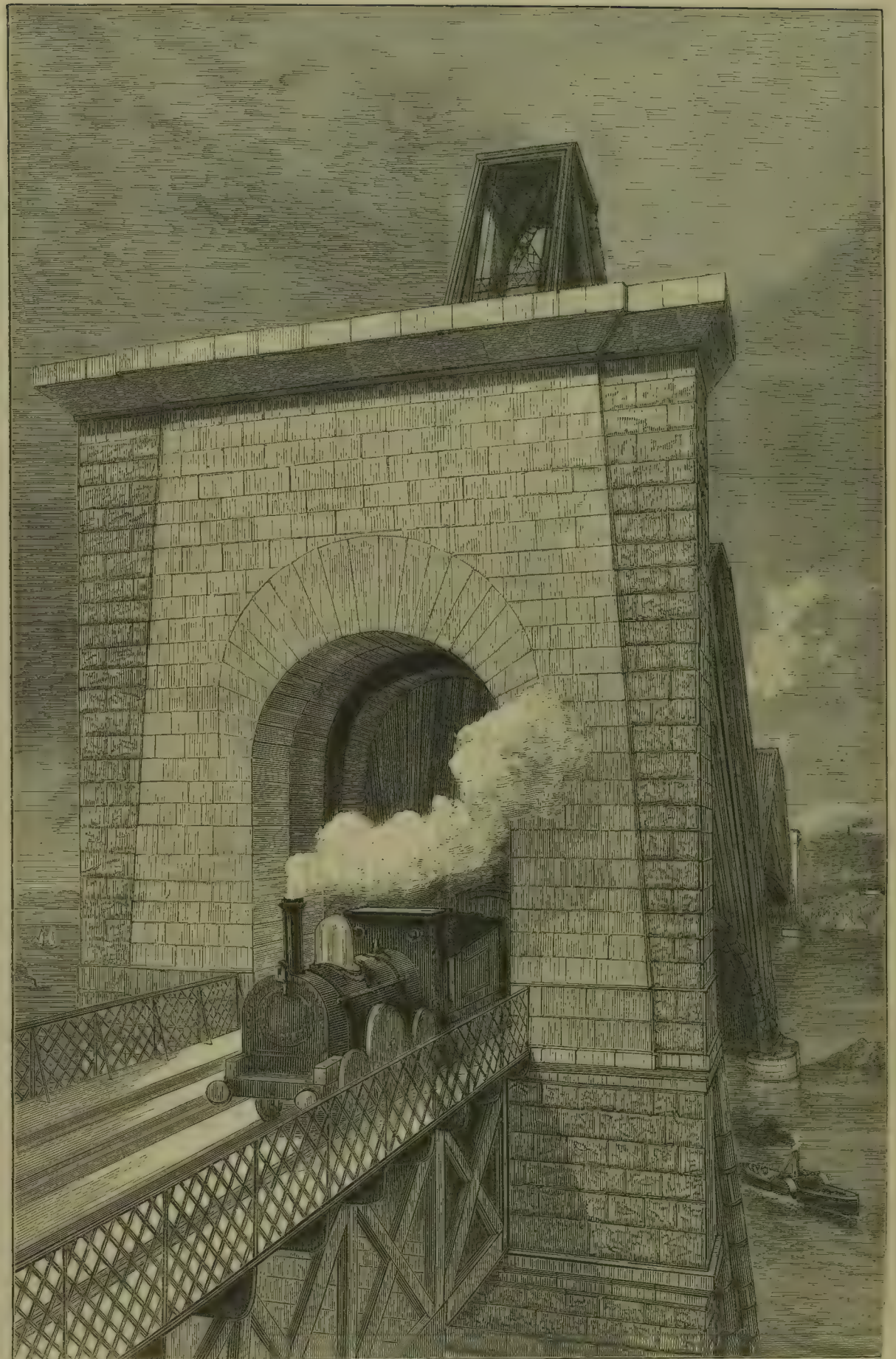


ELEVATION OF THE FORTH BRIDGE, SHOWING ITS DIMENSIONS AND THE BED OF THE RIVER.





INCH GARVIE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.



TRAIN PASSING OVER THE FORTH BRIDGE AT THE END PIER OF THE CANTILEVER.





AMATEUR THOUGHT-READING.



THOUGHT-READING.

The fashionable amusement of pretending to discern the ideas in other persons' minds, without communication by voice or gesture or facial expression, has its adepts, professional and amateur, who occasionally succeed in performing this feat to the wonder of curious spectators. Scientific physiologists and pathologists, however, are now far advanced in tracks of experimental research that seem likely to bring us to a clear explanation of all these apparent marvels, of second-sight, "clairvoyance," visions and hallucinations, ghost-seeing, prophetic dreams, and the reputed effects of mesmerism and of the invocation of spirit-mediums, without going beyond the intelligible disturbances or the abnormal excitation of certain parts of the brain and nerve system. Instead of crediting human nature with a sixth sense of outward perception, it has been suggested by those who study the processes of nervous sensibility that persons endowed with a very fine sense of touch, and who have improved it by constant practice and attention, may possibly become able to distinguish the emotions accompanying assent or dissent by the tremors in the body of a person of excitable temperament, without seeing or hearing. Even if the hand be not taken, we do not know but that such nervous tremors are attended with slight emanations of electric or magnetic force, perceptible at a few inches' distance to the refined sense of feeling; there is, indeed, much in our common experience to afford ground for this supposition. Any rational hypothesis of this kind, not directly contrary to what physical science and animal physiology have positively ascertained, is preferable to the wild fancy that one individual mind can ever influence another without communication through one or another of the five senses. It may now safely be affirmed that the functions of the material organism through which mental action takes place are sufficiently understood for us to discard every such pretension; and that neither spirit-manifestations nor clairvoyance can henceforth deceive any but those ignorant of the processes of cerebration. Thought-reading may perhaps be found to have something in it, probably as a development of the faculty of touch, or of nervous susceptibility at the extremities of the fingers and other parts of the body, which we may expect will be more carefully studied.

OBITUARY.

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF BEAUFORT.

Her Grace Emily Frances, Duchess Dowager of Beaufort, widow of Henry, seventh Duke, K.G., died on Oct. 2, at her residence in Hill-street, in her ninetyeth year. Her father was Mr. Charles Culling Smith, and her mother Lady Anne Wellesley, aunt of the great Duke of Wellington. Her Grace was married June 29, 1822, and had one son—the present Duke of Beaufort, K.G.—and six daughters—Emily Blanche Countess of Kinnoull, Lady Rose Lovell, Lady Henrietta Morant, Lady Geraldine Somerset, Katharine Emily Lady Ormathwaite, and Edith Frances Countess of Londesborough.

VISCOUNTSSE OSSINGTON.

The Right Hon. Charlotte, Viscountess Ossington, whose death is announced at her seat near Newark, was daughter of William, fourth Duke of Portland, and widow of John Evelyn Denison, Speaker of the House of Commons for fifteen years, who was created Viscount Ossington Feb. 13, 1872, on his retirement, and survived his elevation just one year. In 1882 her Ladyship assumed, by Royal license, the surname of Scott, in right of her mother, Henrietta Duchess of Portland, daughter of General John Scott of Balcombie.

SIR BENJAMIN SAMUEL PHILLIPS.

Sir Benjamin Samuel Phillips, Kt., formerly Alderman of the City of London, died on Oct. 9, at his residence in Grosvenor-street. He was born in 1811, and carried on business as a merchant and warehouseman for nearly sixty years. In 1857 he became Alderman of Farringdon Within, in 1859 served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and was Lord Mayor in 1865-6. In requital of his valuable services during the cholera in London and the famine in India, he was knighted; and during his Mayoralty he had the honour of receiving the King and Queen of the Belgians, who conferred on him the distinction of Commander of the Order of Leopold. Sir Benjamin was a prominent member of the Jewish community.

O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLENS.

Daniel O'Donoghue of the Glens, in the county of Kerry, M.P. for the county of Tipperary 1857 to 1865, and for Tralee from 1865 to 1885, died on Oct. 7, at Ballinahown Court, in the county of Westmeath. He was born in 1833, the only child of Charles James O'Donoghue of the Glens, by Jane, his wife, only daughter of Mr. John O'Connell of Grena, and niece of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, M.P. The family from which he descended was of the Royal line of Munster. In the fourteenth century Geoffrey O'Donoghue of the Glens was chief of his name. O'Donoghue, whose death we record, married, in 1858, Mary Sophie, daughter and coheir of Sir John Ennis, first Baronet, M.P., of Ballinahown, and leaves several children.

MR. ROBERT BAXTER.

Mr. Robert Baxter, head of the firm of Baxter, Rose, Norton, and Co., died on Oct. 9, aged eighty-seven, being, it is believed, the oldest practising solicitor on the rolls. In politics a Conservative, he twice endeavoured to gain a seat in Parliament, first for Hull in 1868, and secondly for Londonderry in 1870, but was unsuccessful. He was third son of Mr. Dudley Baxter of Stoke Golding, Leicestershire, J.P. and D.L., and married, in 1825, the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Bradley Paget of Comberford Hall, Tamworth, by whom he had issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mary Valence, Lady Kay, wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice Kay, and daughter of the Rev. William French, D.D., Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, on Oct. 10, at 37, Hyde Park-gardens, aged sixty-four.

Lady Charlotte Jane Blount, widow of Mr. William Blount, of Orleton, Herefordshire, and eldest daughter of the eleventh Duke of Somerset, by Charlotte, his first wife, daughter of the ninth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, on Oct. 7, at Orche Hill, Bucks, aged eighty-six.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Scott Hawkins, late Royal Scots, sixth son of Sir John Caesar Hawkins, third Baronet, of Kelston, on Oct. 2, at Bath, aged seventy-five. He was in the Crimean campaign, at the battles of the Alma and Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol. He married, in 1873, Fanny Cecilia, daughter of Mr. Evan Williams, of Duffryn Frwd, Glamorganshire, and leaves issue.

General Edward Wynyard, late of the Grenadier Guards, on Sept. 29, aged seventy-one. He was son of General E. B. Wynyard, of the 58th Regiment, was born in 1818, entered the Army in 1837, and served in the Crimea, at the siege of Sebastopol, for which he received the Crimean medal and clasp and the Medjidieh. He retired with the rank of General in 1881.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.  
B. W. BURGESS (Bradford).—The game shall be considered, but we must have, in confidence or otherwise, the names of the players.  
K. TEMPLAR.—Another considerable step in advance over your last, but still not quite up to our standard. Give Black a little more energy in his defence, and make White's first move less apparently formidable. Problem No. 2374 cannot be solved in two moves.  
W. JONES.—W. W. Morgan, Medina-road, Holloway, will be a sufficient address.  
A. BECHGER.—The solution you give is not that intended by the author. A check, however, on the first move does not necessarily mar a problem. Your opinion of No. 2373 is very complimentary to the composer.  
W. R. RAILLEM.—You are right all along the line.  
SWANSEA CHESS CLUB.—The letter has been posted to Mr. Blackburne.  
DR. H.—We trust you are now satisfied about No. 2370.  
M. C. SHANN.—Your problem is too elementary for us; but try again at the "ambitious one." Moving the P two squares is quite permissible.  
CLIFT (Geneva).—The capture on the first move is very ugly, and the subsequent play is sadly wanting in smartness.  
S. PARRY.—J. Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.  
COLUMBUS.—Your problem is not strong enough. Black's helplessness is foreseen from the very first, and his best defence but varies one of two obvious mates.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2372 received from E. G. Boys and A. Bechger; of Problem No. 2373 from Albion, E. G. Boys, J. H. Lincoln, Columbus, A. Bechger, A. H. Smith, F. F. (Brussels), John G. Grant, O. C. M. (Dundee), S. Parry, and D. MacInroy.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2374 received from J. Hall, J. D. Tucker, Albion, A. Bechger, W. Scott McDonald, Clift (Geneva), W. R. Raillem, Thomas Chown, E. E. H., Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), P. B. Halcorn, Fr. Fernando, H. S. B. (Ben Rhydding), Columbus, D. McCoy (Galway), A. H. Smith, R. F. N. Banks, R. Worters (Canterbury), H. Lomshalt, Bingham, Julia Short, C. E. Perugini, F. K. P., H. B. Hurford, Henry Love, H. Beurnmann, Benjamin, T. Cook, F. Green, W. W. G., Howard A., A. Newman, E. Casella (Paris), Dawn, J. Coad, J. Ross (Whitley), Dr. F. S. N. Harris, Kate Minnie Street, F. Dolson, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, R. H. Brooks, J. Dixon, Riffman, S. W. Gillett, G. F. Travis, W. H. Hooper, S. Parry, E. Louden, F. G. Rowland, Edgar Rogers, G. J. Venale, T. G. (Ware), J. Tucker (Pontypriid), Shadforth, T. Roberts, W. Wright, Ruby Rook, L. Desanges, W. H. D. Henvey, F. Kirby, and M. Anderson.

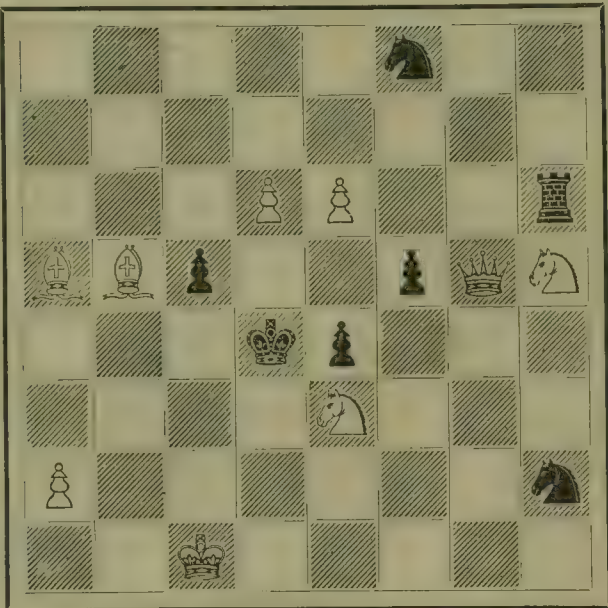
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2372.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.  
1. K to R 4th  
2. Q to Q 6th  
3. Q to K R 6th, mate.  
BLACK.  
B takes P  
K moves  
This problem can also be solved by 1. Kt to R 5th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2376.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. J. H. BLAKE and F. N. BRAUND.  
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Blake).	BLACK (Mr. Braund).	WHITE (Mr. Blake).	BLACK (Mr. Braund).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	18. Kt P takes P	Kt P takes P
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. B takes B P	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd		
5. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd		
6. B takes B	Q takes B		
7. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd		
8. Kt to Q sq	P to Q B 4th		
9. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
10. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
11. P takes P	Q to Kt 5th		
12. Kt to K B 3rd	Q takes Q (ch)		
13. K takes Q	P to Q Kt 4th		
14. R to B sq	B to Kt 2nd		
15. Kt to K 3rd	P to Kt 3rd		
16. B to Q 3rd	R to Q B sq		
17. P to K Kt 4th	P to K B 4th		

Clearly overlooking White's clever reply: P to K R 4th should have been played, and, if P to K R 3rd, then Kt to Q 2nd.

In the Problem Tourney of the Wesley College Quarterly for two movers, just brought to a successful conclusion, Mr. G. Heathcote, of Manchester, was awarded the first prize, and Mrs. T. B. Rowlands, of Dublin, the second. The same lady took first prize in the two-move tourney of the Dublin Mail, and the second in its three-move competition, the first prize in this case going to Mr. J. A. Conroy, of Listowel. The solvers were the judges in each instance, and, with so many adepts contributing, the adjudication was a matter of considerable difficulty. We append the successful two-move compositions of Mrs. Rowlands.

White: K to K R 6th, Q to Q B 4th, B at Q Kt 2nd, R at Q R 6th, Kts at Q 4th and K 6th, Ps at Q 2nd and Kt 2nd.  
Black: K at K 4th, B at Q B 3rd, Kt at Q B 7th, Ps at Q B 2nd and K B 4th. Mate in two moves.  
Second prize in the Wesley College Quarterly tourney.  
White: K at K 2nd, Q at K B sq, Kts at K B 2nd and K 4th, Bs at K R 5th and K B 8th, P at K 3rd.  
Black: K at K 4th, B at K B 4th and K R 5th, Ps at Q 3rd, K 3rd, and K Kt 4th. Mate in two moves.  
First prize in the Dublin Mail tourney.

Non. secretaries desirous of having particulars of their clubs recorded in the forthcoming Chessplayer's Annual and Club Directory are requested to note that the information should be sent in before Nov. 1. Forms for the purpose are to be had from the editors, 3, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin.

The Chessplayer's Text Book. By G. H. D. Gossip. (London: T. Dobson and Co.)—This is an elementary treatise on the game designed for the use of beginners, and as such certainly deserves commendation. The latest and best authorities have been consulted in its compilation, and, although the necessities of the case compel the author to give a select number of variations in each opening, his performances over the board are sufficient to make his judgment fully reliable. Although many books have been written with the same object, none we think has equalled this in the clearness with which the purposes of the opening moves are made.

Canon Walters, Vicar of Pershore, has been appointed to the archdeaconry of Worcester, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Lea. Canon Walters was Vicar of Oldham up to 1873, when he was appointed Vicar of Pershore. He subsequently became Rural Dean of Pershore and Hon. Canon of Worcester. Since he went to Pershore Canon Walters has put into complete restoration the very ancient abbey-church.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE EAR.

If one were asked to select any portion of man's wonderful frame which is more wondrous and more complex than another, I should advise the candidate for honours in elementary anatomy to choose the ear. For, unquestionably, the ear is more complex than the eye—probably more intricate, indeed, than any other of our sense-organs. To begin with, there is the outer ear, which is in itself worth some study, as Darwin has shown us, in respect of its conformation. The passage or canal of the ear passes inwards, and is blocked, like a *coul de sac*, by the drum-membrane or tympanum. This membrane receives the waves of sound and transmits these vibrations to the internal ear, which is inclosed within the temporal bone. Now, it is this internal ear which is of such marvellous structure and of such intricacy. Let us try to think of its various parts for a moment or two. On the inner side of the "drum" a tube (called the "Eustachian tube," after an old anatomist) leads into the throat. This arrangement evidently serves to ensure equality of air-pressure on each side of the drum, whatever else may be its use. Between the brain and the drum is a bony partition, bearing two apertures. One of these is oval in shape, and the other of rounded outline. The next part of the ear consists of a chain of three small bones or "ossicles," which lie across the drum in such fashion that all vibrations of that membrane must, of necessity, be communicated to the bones. One bone is like a hammer in shape, the second like an anvil, and the third like a stirrup. The flattened plate of the stirrup-bone is placed on the oval opening in the bony partition already named. The next part of the ear is the *labyrinth*, which contains fluid, and which receives the ends of the nerves of hearing whose mission it is to carry the messages they receive from the outer world to the brain.

The labyrinth itself is composed of two parts. Of these, the first is the *cochlea*, which resembles the shell of the snail somewhat in appearance; while the second is constituted by three curious *semicircular canals*. Inside the cochlea is a very wonderful structure, called, after its discoverer, the organ of Corti. This is really a microscopical sounding-board, or something more complex still. It consists of about 4000 minute rods or arches, which are graduated in length and height as we pass from the top to the bottom of the snail-shell. Each arch or rod vibrates in unison with a particular sound-wave, and from their action we are supposed to gain notions of tone. Helmholtz tells us that the rods of Corti correspond to the seven octaves which are in common use; and this fact, with others, seems to teach us that, as a tone-indicator, the Organ of Corti plays its part very well by us in our appreciation of sounds and their pitch. Of the semicircular canals of the ear and their uses or duties, we have hitherto not been quite so well informed. Of yore, it was believed that they gave us a power of estimating the direction of sounds, and, until lately, we had to be content with this assertion. Now, however, we have come into possession of fresh facts regarding these canals and their uses, and this brief recital of the anatomy of the ear and its parts has been intended by me simply as an introduction to a little bit of very recent science—or rather of scientific discovery now elevated into the rank of accepted fact. As early as 1824, Flourens, the great physiologist, in experimenting upon these canals—which, by the way, are placed in three planes at right angles to one another—suggested that they might prove to be the organs of a sense of novel and hitherto unknown nature; and Professors Crum Brown and Mach have succeeded in confirming this opinion, and, what is more to the point, in elevating it into the region of certified fact.

As the former scientist lately remarked in the course of a public lecture, we really possess little or no means of judging of motion. We move through space in this old world of ours at the rate of 68,000 miles per hour, yet we are all unconscious of the movement. The rapid, even motion of a train may be really unperceived, and of many other circumstances relating to movement the like remark holds good. Yet, any deviation of motion from the straight line is at once perceived—how or why is the puzzle; but at least we are conscious of the transition, say, to a curve or to a steep gradient. It is the same, as has well been pointed out, with the ascent in a lift or in a balloon. At first we seem to be going down, but midway in the lift we become unconscious of the movement, until the apparatus comes to a stop. Experiment helps us here. A revolving table is constructed as in Mach's experiments, and this is placed in a hut on whose paper-blinded windows no changing lights or shadows are allowed to impinge; or the subject may be simply blindfolded. Lying on this table on his side and comfortably resting with his head on a pillow, the person is whirled rapidly round by the rotation of the table. At first he is conscious of the motion, but in a moment this sensation disappears, and, if the table whirls on at a given steady pace, all sensation of movement continues to be absent. Let the rate of rotation, however, be altered, or let the table come to a standstill, and the consciousness of motion once more wakens into activity. Some means or other we must and do possess, therefore, for enabling us to determine this alteration of speed.

Lying on the table, as we have seen, on one side, consciousness of motion is absent. When, however, the subject is placed on his back, or when he turns of his own accord suddenly, he feels as though the table had stood straight up, and as if he were being shot headlong into some vast abyss. Here, it is evident, consciousness and reason itself, of which consciousness is the servant and minister, are evidently much at fault; for the person is lying flat and safe on his back, after all. Next comes a little hint from that experimenter on our bodies we name "disease." There is an ailment called "Menière's disease," which, first described in 1861, shows as its symptoms giddiness, a staggering walk, with a tendency to fall on one side, and deafness on one or both sides of the head. Examination of the ear in such cases seems to show that the seat of the ailment resides in the semicircular canals we have been discussing. A study of disease, therefore, tends to confirm what experiment suggests; and the conclusion we arrive at is that the canals in question, formerly regarded as part and parcel of the hearing-sense, are really the organs of a new sense—that of motion. They give us information about the nature of the rotations of the head, and it is quite possible their sphere of usefulness extends even beyond this limit. We see in these curious canals tubes which contain fluid—a condition suggestive enough, in a common way, of an apparatus to record changes of level. This fluid acts against delicate hairs when rotation occurs, and probably in this way communicates to the nerves of the canals an impulse which, in the brain, becomes translated into a sensation of motion. The turning of the head to right and left seems a small thing indeed, viewed from the ordinary standpoint. But if what has here been recorded is correct, it is obvious our knowledge of how far and in what direction we have made that movement is due to these curious canals of the ear. They are organs of sense which minister to our safe conduct as we move through space, and as we pass sorrowing or rejoicing through the world's ways.

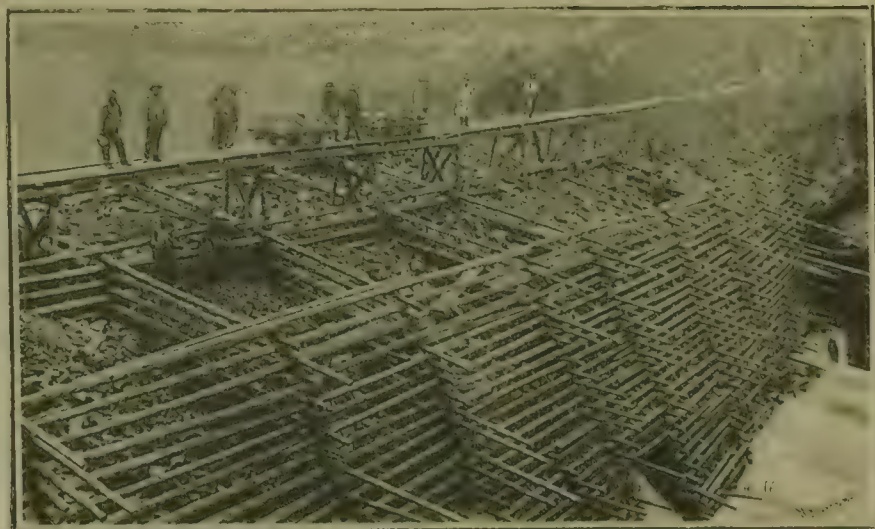
ANDREW WILSON.



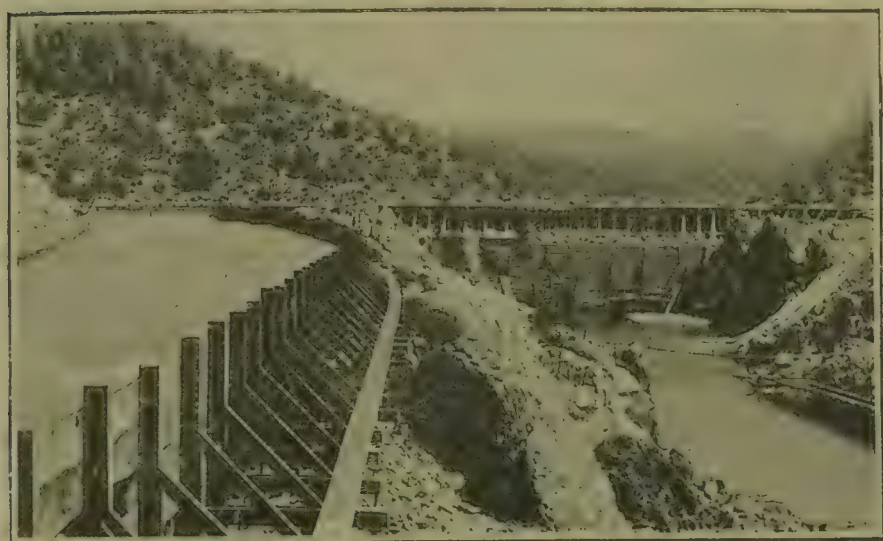
## RIVER-BED MINING IN CALIFORNIA: THE GOLDEN GATE MINE, FEATHER RIVER.



INTERIOR OF MAIN FLUME DURING CONSTRUCTION.



PORTION OF THE DAM DURING CONSTRUCTION.



DAM AND MAIN FLUME, WITH THE RIVER FLOWING THROUGH IT.



DAM AND PORTION OF MAIN FLUME IN THE LEFT BANK, AND PORTION OF SUB-FLUME.

PORTION OF MAIN FLUME (OUTSIDE WALL)  
AND SUB-FLUME.VIEW UP THE RIVER SHOWING FOOT-DAM, SUB-FLUME, AND RIVER  
DISCHARGING FROM THE MAIN FLUME.

The first river-bed mining enterprise in California ever undertaken by an English company is being carried out by the Golden Gate Alluvial Syndicate, Limited, and as it will no doubt be of much interest to our readers, we give a few views of the work that has been accomplished.

Briefly described, the undertaking consists of turning from its natural channel about three quarters of a mile of the main Feather river, and laying dry its bed for the purpose of extracting the gold from it. The portion of river thus being dealt with lies between precipitous banks of rock; and along one bank the rock has been blasted out to form a foundation, upon which a "flume," or huge wooden trough, has been built, through which the entire river is now running at a height of between 40 and 50 ft. above its normal level. The water has been turned into the flume by the construction of an immense dam stretching across the river at the upper end of the flume. The flume is about 50 ft. wide, its walls are about 6 ft. high, and its length is about 3200 ft. It is built with a gradual fall, amounting to about 22 ft. in the entire distance, and is calculated to carry fully double the quantity of water now in the river. The dam is 80 ft. wide at its base and 52 ft. high. About 20,000 tons of rock have been used in its construction, to give it strength to resist more than twice the volume of water it is expected will flow against it. It is provided with sluices or waste ways, by which the flow of water through the flume can be regulated as may be desired. The diversion of a river along one of its banks at so great a height is an engineering feat which, it is said, has never before been attempted. Great engineering skill has been necessary to overcome the difficulties of this stupendous work, the conception and successful

accomplishment of which is due to Colonel Frank McLaughlin, the company's general manager, and Mr. Norman A. Harris, the superintendent.

Gold is found widely distributed throughout the Cordillera region of North America. The placers, which contain it in its native state, disseminated in sand and gravel, are the richest and most profitable sources of the metal. Placers have been found of greater or less extent in every State and Territory of the mountain region. The first discoveries in a gold-mining region are naturally in nearly all cases of this class. Following the exhaustion of the placers comes the search for the sources of the gold in the surrounding mountains, where the permanent wealth of the region lies. The range of the vein deposits is equally extensive with the placers. Gold occurs free in quartz veins; in combination with various sulphurets such as pyrites, and associated with silver as in the ores of Nevada. In California the gold found in place is chiefly free. The first mining operations were of course simple, each miner depending for his profits on the pan and the rocker. In the former he dissolves the gold-bearing dirt, picking out the stones with his hand. When all the dirt appears to be dissolved, so that the gold falls by its weight to the bottom of the pan, he tilts it a little, so that the thin mud and light sand run out. This is repeated until all except the metal has been washed out. The "rocker" is something like a child's cradle. On the upper end is a riddle with a sheet-iron bottom which is punched with holes. In this riddle the auriferous dirt is placed, and a

man rocks it till the muddy water and sand run off at the lower end of the rocker, which is open. But new and more expeditious methods soon became necessary, and water was supplied by ditches and flumes, and by the "tom," which consists of "a trough about 12 in. long, 8 in. deep, 15 in. wide at the head, and 30 in. at the foot. A riddle of sheet-iron punched with holes half an inch in diameter forms the bottom of the tom at the lower end, so placed that all the water and the mud shall fall down through the holes of the riddle, and none pass over the sides or end. The water falls from the riddle into a flat box with transverse cleets or riffles, and these are to catch the gold. A stream of water runs constantly through the tom, into the head of which the pay dirt is thrown by several men, while one throws out the stones too large to pass through the riddle, and throws back to the head of the tom the lumps of clay, which reach the foot without being dissolved." The tom was soon superseded by the sluice, which is a board trough from a hundred to a thousand feet long, with transverse cleets at the lower end. These catch the gold, which sinks on account of its weight; the water rushes in a torrent, bearing down stones and tearing the clay and earth to pieces. At the head, the miners simply throw in the dirt, and at regular times take out the gold. At first the sluice was made short, but it was afterwards lengthened to a mile or more, especially when the gold was in fine particles. It was found desirable to devise some method by which the earth could be supplied faster, and the hydraulic process was invented, by which a stream of water was directed under heavy pressure against a bank or hill-side containing placer gold. The earth torn down was carried into the sluice, and the expense of shovelling saved.



NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

"Biography," said Carlyle, "is the only history," and I may add that, apart from poetry, it is the most significant and fruitful literature in the world. I think, also, it is the most fascinating. This, however, is not the general opinion, for the story of an imaginary life as told in a novel wins more readers than the story of a man who was once struggling, fighting, sorrowing, or rejoicing, as we are doing to-day.

Why is this preference shown? A biography may be painfully dull, but so also may a work of fiction; but, granting that both the books are equally well written, the advantage on the side of the novel is due, I suppose, to the untrammelled exercise of the imagination permitted to the novelist. A biographer who understands his business, which comparatively few biographers do, is the most veracious of writers. To quote Mr. Froude, "he keeps back nothing and extenuates nothing," and the reader for amusement prefers the life that depends upon imagination and invention to the calmer narrative limited by facts. "Monte Cristo," with all its extravagance and bad taste, has therefore more attractions than the life of a man who, like Washington or Wellington, like Napoleon or Oliver Cromwell, has, for good or ill, occupied a foremost place in the active life of the world.

It was the almost universal custom in the last century to preface the biography of a man of letters with an apology for the want of incident, and therefore of interest, to be found in such narratives. Johnson, however, said nothing of the kind, neither did Boswell; and a score of fascinating literary biographies in the present century have proved that an author's life may be every whit as interesting as that of the warrior or statesman. Of course, the interest differs in character, but I confess that I know of no life in our century of what is called a public man that equals in attractiveness the lives of Scott and Macaulay, of Charlotte Brontë and of Charles Lamb.

Within the last fifteen or twenty years biography in England has assumed a new form, and in place of the weighty lives of former days, often more ponderous than readable, we have now biographical sketches, partly narrative and partly critical. In this novel craft Mr. Leslie Stephen led the way,

and no one has hitherto surpassed him in the fine art of literary compression. His portraits are admirable, and many another able writer might be mentioned whose skill in this new form of critical biography merits the highest praise. At its best, however, this is but miniature-painting, and there is small space available for details, which are the main charm of biography. Mr. Stephen's "Johnson," Mr. Hutton's "Scott," or Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Cowper" will satisfy no one familiar with the compendious and masterly biographies of these men by Boswell, Lockhart, and Southey; and, if we are entirely satisfied with Dean Church's monograph of one of England's greatest poets, it is because the events of Spenser's life are so obscure that criticism is forced to take the place of narrative. In a "Dictionary of National Biography," like the colossal work so successfully undertaken by Mr. Stephen, conciseness, combined with sufficient fulness in regard to facts, is a contributor's first duty. Judgment is also needed to discern between facts that are essential to the elucidation of character and facts that are worthless. If a man was infected, like Porson, with a consuming passion for drink, or, like Coleridge, for opium, the failing should be mentioned; but if he preferred hot meat to cold, or grapes to peaches, the choice is not worth recording. We don't want to know the date upon which a child destined hereafter to be famous put on his first braces—a fact of which the biographer of Jean Paul is kind enough to inform us. The editor has shown his staff how to write with brevity and purpose, and, with some remarkable exceptions, his example has been followed. There are writers, unfortunately, too conscious of their own importance to follow the ablest leader, and who forget that the public, when consulting a dictionary, wishes to have the facts in a man's life accurately and lucidly stated, and does not wish to be troubled with the dictionary-maker's eccentricities of opinion. The writer—Dr. Johnson would have said "the drudge"—whose chief thought is of his own reputation should not undertake work of this kind.

A dictionary of national biography is one of the most impressive books in the world. A man must be frivolous indeed who can turn over its pages without serious thoughts. The ambition of a lifetime may have resulted in one instance in a few lines of recognition scarcely longer than a churchyard

epitaph; in another case a man is remembered and "hitched" into the dictionary because he committed some egregious act or wrote a book notorious for its folly. To put a person so obscure into a biographical dictionary is to give him a moment's artificial life in order to bury him afresh. Cowper's lines, written in the "Biographia Britannica" a century ago, express the feelings with which, when not too busy to think, a reader glances through the volumes of Mr. Stephen's splendid work:—

Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot  
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!  
In vain, recorded in historic page,  
They court the notice of a future age.  
Those twinkling, tiny lustres of the land  
Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;  
Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,  
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.  
So when a child (as playful children use)  
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,  
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,  
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,  
There goes the parson, oh, illustrious spark!  
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk! J. D.

Mr. James C. Stevenson, M.P. for South Shields, and Chairman of the River Tyne Commissioners, has been presented with a portrait of himself by Mr. Orchardson, for the Board-room, and a silver tea-and-coffee service for his family, in recognition of his long services to the Commission.


The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office the undermentioned testimonials, which have been awarded by the German Government to the crews of British vessels for services rendered to the crews of German vessels in distress at sea: A gold watch, awarded to Mr. Timothy Jones, master of the barque Janet McNeil, of Glasgow, for rescuing the crew of the ship Thalia, of Hamburg, on fire in the South Pacific, Dec. 11, 1888. Gold watches, awarded to Mr. Thomas Foot, master, and H. Griffiths, second mate, of the steam-ship Holland, of Liverpool, and a sum of £5 each to the seamen Frederick Lemay, James Kelsie, Frederick Manthrop, Arthur Holmes, and Benjamin Lambert, who, with the second mate, manned the boat of the Holland which rescued the crew of the barque Emilie, of Gesterunde, in mid-Atlantic, on April 7, 1889.

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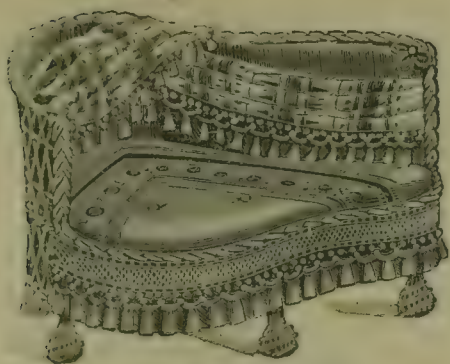


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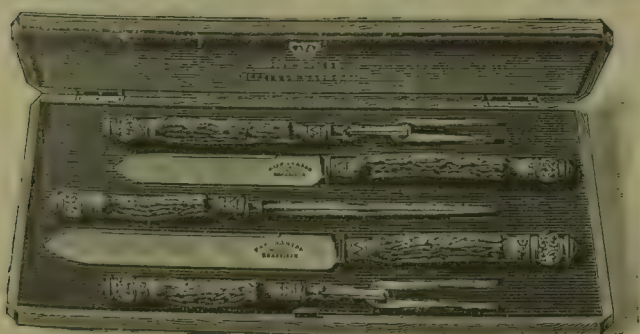
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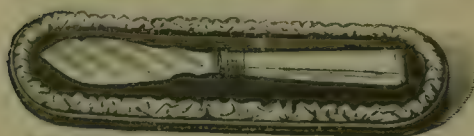
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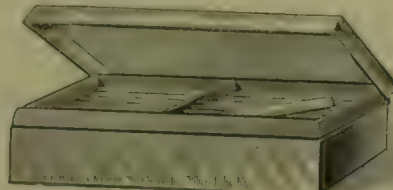


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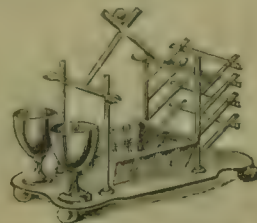
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 14, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 2 following), of Mr. Charles Sacré, C.E., for many years chief engineer to the Sheffield Railway Company, late of Sunnyside, Victoria Park, Rusholme, Manchester, who died on Aug. 3 last, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Sept. 21 by Charles John Hall and the Rev. Fergus Hill, the sons-in-law, and Alfred Louis Sacré, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £166,000. The testator gives £300, and all his jewellery, wines, and consumable stores, horses, carriages, and harness, to his wife, Mrs. Matilda Sacré; he also gives her an annuity of £2500 and the use of his residence, Sunnyside, with the household furniture and effects, for life; annuities of £50 each to his brother William and his sister Josephine; and an annuity of £20 to his brother Mr. A. L. Sacré while acting as one of his trustees. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children as tenants in common; but out of the share of his son Charles Richard Archibald, if he survive him, a sum is to be set aside to pay £100 per annum to his (testator's) grandchild, Alice Beatrice Sacré.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1886), with a codicil (dated Nov. 16, 1888), of Mr. Daniel Procter, late of Brook Villa, Whalley Range, Moss Side, near Manchester, who died on July 9 last, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Sept. 21 by William Bickham, Charles Royle Allen, and William Bickham jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £145,000. The testator bequeaths £39,000, upon trust, for his nephew, Joseph Procter Mann, and his nieces, Mary Rebekah Hardy and Edith Spear Mann, in equal shares; £4500, upon trust, for his cousin, Jemima Hosack, for life, and then for her three daughters, Mary, Emily, and Kate; and considerable legacies to relatives, executors, and others. He also bequeaths £1000 to the Manchester Royal Infirmary; £2000 to the Manchester City Mission; £1000 to the Clinical Hospital for Children (Cheatnam); £1000 to the Children's Hospital (Pendlebury); £2000 to the Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Homes; £1000 to St. Mary's Hospital (Quay-street, Manchester); and £500 to the boys' training ship Indefatigable (Liverpool). The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his executors, upon trust, to pay and apply the same to such educational, religious, and charitable purposes, or to any of such purposes, as they in their absolute discretion shall think fit.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated

Jan. 22, 1889) of Sir James Watson, Knight, J.P., D.L., Provost of Glasgow 1871-4, of No. 9, Woodside-terrace, Glasgow, who died at Broomknowe-row, Dumbarton, on Aug. 14 last, granted to Mark Bannatyne, Patrick Neil Fraser (the son-in-law), Sir James King, Bart., Sir James David Marwick, Knight, and William M'Ewen, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £125,000.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1874) of Mr. Charles Peel, formerly of Willington Hall, Tarporley, Cheshire, and of the city of Manchester, but late of the Manor House, North Rode, Cheshire, merchant, who died on July 18, at Oban, was proved at the Chester District Registry, on Sept. 2, by Mrs. Emma Peel, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £116,000. The testator appoints his wife guardian of his children who are minors during their respective minorities, but does not bequeath any legacies or make any disposition of his estate in any way. His personal estate, therefore, becomes divisible among his next of kin, according to the statute for the distribution of an intestate's estate.

The will (dated March 12, 1889) of Mr. John Thornton, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, late of No. 7, Onslow-gardens, who died on Sept. 15, at No. 9, Adelaide-crescent, Brighton, was proved on Oct. 8 by the Rev. John Thornton, the son, Francis Cobb, and Robert Williams jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £63,000. The testator bequeaths £4000, upon trust, to pay the income to his daughter, Grace Harriet, for life, or until she shall marry; and pecuniary legacies to his said daughter, to his sons, Francis Spencer and Sidney Vernon, and to his faithful servant, John Byers. Among the articles specifically bequeathed to his children we find a picture of the late John Thornton, of Clapham, who died in 1790, by Gainsborough; a picture of Emilia Vansittart, afterwards Mrs. Edward Parry, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; two silver side-dishes, with inscriptions to Samuel Thornton, from the Corporation of Hull; a set of Berlin china plates, presented to Lord Bexley by the King of Prussia in 1818; and two pictures by Romney of the two sisters of Mr. Edward Parry, one of whom became Mrs. Nisbet and the other Mrs. Shaw. The residue of his property he leaves, in equal shares, to all his children living at his death, and the issue of any who may have predeceased him, but certain amounts advanced to or settled on them respectively are to be brought into account in the division.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1879), of Mr. Aeneas John McIntyre, Q.C., Judge of County Courts, formerly M.P. for Worcester, late of The Hagg, Mirfield, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Oct. 7 by Mrs. Eleanor McIntyre, the widow, and Angus George Milward McIntyre, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. There are bequests in favour of his mother, sisters, and others, and specific legacies to or upon trust for his wife, his son, and his two daughters. The residue of his estate the testator leaves to his wife and his three children, share and share alike.

The will (dated May 11, 1854) of Mr. Allan McLaren Brown, formerly of the Stable-yard, St. James's Palace, and late of No. 269, Camden-road, who died on March 23 last, was proved on Oct. 8 by Mrs. Emma Mary Meacher, the sister and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator leaves the income of his property to his mother, Elizabeth Mary Wood, during her life, and at her death he gives the whole of his real and personal estate to his said sister.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1889) of Mr. Richard Machell Jaques, J.P., D.L., late of Easby Abbey, near Richmond, Yorkshire, who died on June 30 last, was proved on Oct. 7 by William Ness Walker, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £5000. The testator devises and bequeaths all the real and personal estate to which he shall be entitled at the time of his decease, or over which he shall have a power of appointment or disposition, to his daughter, Emily Jane Jaques.

The will (dated April 28, 1856), with two codicils (dated Jan. 17, 1877 and Feb. 14, 1888), of Colonel the Hon. Fenton John Evans-Freke, formerly of the 2nd Life Guards, late of No. 9, Lowndes-street, Belgrave-square, who died on Sept. 3 last, was proved on Sept. 25 by Lady Katherine Felicia Evans-Freke, the widow, and the Hon. William Charles Evans-Freke, the brother, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife, and £500 to his daughter, Georgiana Louisa. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for all his children by her.

The will of Rear-Admiral Herbert Frederic Winnington-Ingram, late of No. 2, York-crescent, West Norwood, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Oct. 3 by Mrs. Catherine Mary Winnington-Ingram, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £2600.

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STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS PLATE  
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ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine  
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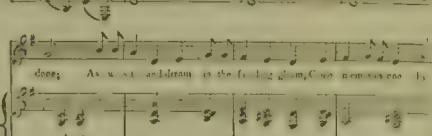
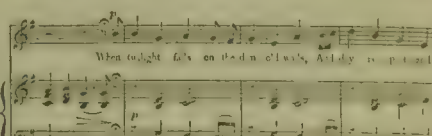
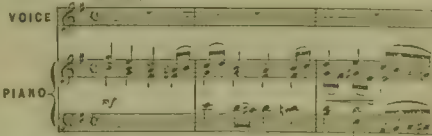
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It ought to be very flattering to us as a sex to find how immensely interesting discussions upon our manners and capacities are to men. Debates on other subjects languish and die, while all that concerns the behaviour proper to women, and especially their attitude towards men, and men's habits and customs, possesses inexhaustible attraction. In society, at the present moment, the only play I hear much talked of is "The Profligate." Everybody is supposed to have seen "The Dead Heart," and one or two other current plays; but the play which is discussed with lively interest is that running at the Garrick. Why? Because it deals with the attitude proper to be assumed by a pure young wife towards her husband when she finds that his career before marriage has not been as spotless as her own. Finely written and excellently played as "The Profligate" is, its real interest comes from its "motif." No play was being so much talked of at the end of the summer as "The Doll's House." Again it was one in which the standards of womanly ethics were discussed. And, descending from these higher planes, the most hotly debated topic at the recent British Association meeting was women's stays; and the "catchpenny" subjects of the moment are such matters as the presence of girls in church choirs, and whether women shall join men in the practice of smoking.

For my part, if ever I feel contentment at the sad end of Raleigh, it is when I reflect that he introduced the practice of tobacco-smoking. A habit which contaminates the room in which it is carried on and leaves the breath and the clothes of those who follow it offensive—a habit which makes yellow the teeth and dull the eyes of its votaries—a habit which wastes money and makes idleness easy—which is, if carried to excess (and excess is frequent), only less dangerous to health and detrimental to activity of mind and body than drinking spirits—is a habit which certainly women would do better to eschew. But the day has come when "the grey prerogative of man"

to be as a sex allowed to indulge in bad habits without reprobation is being attacked. No longer can he partake of one and another indulgence before the very nose of his partner in life's trials and joys, withholding it from her by an *ipse dixit* that it is not suitable for her. "If it is bad for me it is bad for you," the woman says in such a case now-a-days. The man thus attacked replies, according to his temper and ideas, either—"No, it is not a bad habit, but yet you must not acquire it"; or else, "Yes, it is bad, but I may do it and you may not." In either case, the woman of to-day still says—"Why?" And, however wrapped up in pretty phrases may be the answer of the man, it comes in reality to this—"Because it is your business to be pleasant to me." This, and nothing else, is the meaning of the talk about the purity, the grace, the refinement of women, and the necessity for their preservation. It is still the approval of men—to be chosen by a man in marriage, and to be admired by men in society—that gives a woman social distinction. While men have so much in their power, so much to confer, they have always the best of arguments for making women just what they wish. But the old selfish idea that men should compel from women a consideration for their pleasure which they do not reciprocate is attacked from two sides. It is attacked by the independent women—the women of vigorous mind, or the women who have their own incomes and their own position—and it is attacked by men themselves. Nothing is more certain than that no change in the status or the ideal of women is or can be worked by women themselves alone. There is always a large body of male opinion in favour of the change. Women must desire the alteration, in the first place; but nothing will be effected till they have converted men or received the sanction of men. As regards this matter of women smoking, there are, I am afraid, a great many men who are quite in favour of it. Some of them are simply moved by a sense of fair play: if they themselves find smoking a solace and assistance, they do not feel justified in forbidding women to have the same. Others are

fond of female society; they do not like either to be banished from women's company when they smoke, or else to feel that they are causing annoyance to the fair non-smokers, to whom, as everybody knows well, the tobacco is sure to be offensive, however amiably they may sit and smile and gasp and declare they do not mind it, beaming cheerfully through their involuntary tears.

So, between the men who are unselfish enough to wish women to enjoy also whatever they themselves find comforting and harmless, and the men whose selfishness takes the form of liking their lady friends to join them in their cigarettes, and the women who find the same satisfaction in tobacco that nearly all men and the women of Eastern climes have long done—I fear we must expect it to become by degrees common for women to smoke. It is a sad prospect for us non-smokers. But what is to be done? Nothing, unless men can be induced to give up the practice! I suppose there is no question that tobacco is much more generally used now than it was fifty years ago. When Queen Victoria (who detests tobacco) ruled society, and her perfect husband studied her wishes and her wellbeing untiringly, no gentleman ever smoked in the society of ladies. He did not place on them the onus of restricting his pleasures by asking them whether they objected to smoking or not. Knowing that the vast majority of non-smokers do abominate sitting in a nicotine-laden cloud, a gentleman refrained from puffing one forth in a lady's presence unless she voluntarily urged him to do so. Those good days are over! For years we have had to let ourselves be habituated to the smell of tobacco. Men of the highest rank have not scrupled to be seen puffing smoke in ladies' faces at public resorts. If women have gradually learned to like tobacco, and as a consequence are coming to produce the smoke from their own lips, it is the fault of the men who have abandoned the old chivalrous practice of never smoking in ladies' company; and unless we can restore that former state of grace, I fear we must needs anticipate, with what calmness we may, the progress of smoking among women.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



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A most Eminent Authority on the Skin,

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Writes in the JOURNAL OF CUTANEOUS MEDICINE:—

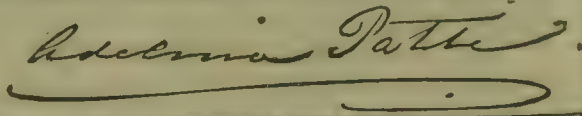
"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the Skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEAR'S is a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and PEAR'S Transparent SOAP is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.  
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Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

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	Richly Decorated with Gold.	Bronze Birds and Flowers and Gold.	Painted Coloured Glass and Gold.
No. 1. 12 1/2 in.	29 0 0	46 0 0	£6 0 0
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FOREIGN NEWS.

King Humbert has sent 40,000*l.* towards the relief fund for the victims of the recent terrible storm in the Italian province of Cagliari.—A banquet was given at Palermo on Oct. 14, in honour of Signor Crispi. Nearly four hundred persons were present, including forty-nine senators and one hundred and forty deputies. The Duc de Verdura, Mayor of Palermo, presided, and, in welcoming Signor Crispi, recalled the great services which he had rendered to Italy. Signor Crispi said that it was necessary to combat those who endeavoured to undermine their political edifice. Rome arose, existed, and commanded before the temporal Papacy, and would continue to exist without it, and would remain Italian. He desired that an Italian should not repeat in vain the words "Civis Romanus sum"; and there was passing through European policy at the present time a breeze of Liberalism which left nations masters of their own destinies.

The King of Portugal is reported to be in an extremely critical condition.

The Czar ended his visit to the King of Denmark on Oct. 9, and left Fredensborg Castle shortly before midnight for Copenhagen. He was accompanied to the station by the immediate members of his family, the King and Queen of Denmark, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. His Majesty slept on board the Imperial Russian yacht Derjava, which early next morning started for Kiel, reaching that port in the afternoon. The ships of the British Channel Squadron fired a salute. His Majesty remained on board till the time fixed for his departure for Berlin.

On visiting Kiel, the German Emperor, wearing the uniform of a British Admiral, inspected the British Channel Squadron, which had just arrived there, and on Oct. 9 went on board the Northumberland, the flag-ship of Admiral Baird, and lunched with the British officers. At a banquet given the previous evening at the Palace, the Emperor spoke in com-

plimentary terms of the British fleet, and proposed the health of the Queen. Admiral Baird responded, and proposed the health of the Emperor. The Emperor inspected the canal for connecting the North Sea with the Baltic.—The Czar and one of his younger sons arrived at Berlin at ten o'clock on the 11th, and were welcomed by the Emperor William. The two Emperors drove through the principal streets of the capital to the Russian Embassy, whence they witnessed the march-past of the soldiers who had lined the route. A luncheon followed, at which the Russian Ambassador, Count Schuvaloff, welcomed his Sovereign, who proposed the health of the German Emperor. In the afternoon Prince Bismarck called at the Embassy, and was closeted with the Czar for an hour and twenty minutes. A dinner was given at night in the White Hall of the Imperial Palace. The Emperor William, in proposing the health of his visitor, said he was resolved to cherish, as a legacy left him by his ancestors, the friendship which had subsisted between the German and Russian Houses for over a hundred years. The Czar thanked his Imperial brother for the cordial reception, and concluded with a cheer for "Mon frere sa Majesté l'Empereur d'Allemagne et Roi de Prusse." The Emperor William and the Czar spent the 12th in hunting, and in the evening they supped with the Empress Frederick. On Sunday, the 13th, the Czar's visit closed. The leave-taking of the Emperors is described as of the most cordial character. After visiting the mausoleum of the late Emperor William, the Czar attended service at the Russian Embassy, and afterwards lunched with the officers of the Alexander Regiment, at which the Emperor William proposed the toast of the Russian Army, paying a tribute to the gallantry of the troops who defended Sebastopol and stormed Plevna. The Czar next went to the Castle, and, having taken leave of the Empress Augusta and the Empress Frederick, proceeded to the railway station, where a brilliant gathering had assembled to bid farewell to his Majesty. Before the departure the two Emperors repeatedly embraced

each other, and the Czar shook hands with most of those present. It is announced that the Czar has presented a valuable snuffbox to Prince Bismarck, and another to Count Herbert Bismarck, in remembrance of his visit to the German capital.—On the 14th Admirals Baird and Tracey had the honour of luncheon with the Empress Frederick, and these Admirals, with their chief officers, were entertained to dinner at the British Embassy, where the toast of "The Queen," proposed by Sir Edward Malet, was drunk with much enthusiasm. Afterwards the English Admirals and their officers repaired to the Schloss to attend the reception in valedictory honour of the Princess Sophie, to which they had been specially invited from Kiel by the Emperor. This reception was preceded by a State banquet in the White Saloon, covers being laid for about 160. This being the first time that the Empress Frederick and her daughters have appeared at Court since they were plunged into the deepest mourning about eighteen months ago, the occasion has a special interest. After the banquet the Empress Frederick, who still wore mourning, held what is called a *cercle* for the purpose of receiving the congratulations of all the Court society on the occasion of the approaching marriage of her daughter Princess Sophie to the Crown Prince of Greece. Princess Sophie was robed in white, while her sisters, Princesses Victoria and Margaret, wore charming dresses of lilac and pale blue respectively.

The Emperor of Austria returned to Vienna from Styria on Oct. 10. The Mission from the Sultan of Zanzibar arrived at Vienna the same day. The adjourned session of the Hungarian Parliament was opened on the 12th at Budapest.

Lord Carrington, the Governor, in proroguing the New South Wales Parliament on Oct. 10, reviewed the legislation of the Session, and promised that measures providing for local self-government and for the establishment of a Sub-Department of Agriculture should receive the attention of the Government.

KOPTICA

CURES

RHEUMATISM

KOPTICA

CURES

SCIATICA

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CURES

LUMBAGO

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CURES

NEURALGIA



KOPTICA

CURES

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An INTERNAL REMEDY for INTERNAL COMPLAINTS.

**KOPTICA** the famous Persian Herbal Extract, an infallible curative specific for RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, FACEACHE, CRAMP, TIC-DOLOREUX, BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN, SCURVY SORES, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. INVALUABLE IN RHEUMATIC FEVER. The only absolute and permanent cure ever yet discovered for these distressing ailments, because it eradicates the CAUSE, and does not merely tinker with the EFFECT, as all "external remedies" do.

**KOPTICA**

IS MARVELLOUSLY EFFICACIOUS IN ALL CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

READ. READ. READ.

Mr. SAMUEL FRENCH, the well-known dramatic publisher, writes:—

"I, Strand, London, W.C.: April 13, 1889.  
"To the Proprietors of KOPTICA.—Gentlemen.—About three years ago I was attacked with RHEUMATISM in my left knee so severely that it was with great difficulty I could attend to my business; my family doctor attended me for some time, but without affording me any relief. I then consulted an eminent specialist in Harley-street, and was under treatment for some time. I spared no expense to obtain relief, because, independent of the pain I suffered, I was terribly inconvenienced, and yet, after spending several pounds on doctors' fees and expenses, I found myself no better, but much reduced in strength by the treatment I had undergone. I therefore concluded that I was fated to be a long-time sufferer, and had so made up my mind, when an old friend who had tried KOPTICA, and knew its value, strongly advised me to try it. I was, as you may imagine, rather sceptical that such a simple nostrum, costing a mere trifle, could do for me what clever doctors and expensive treatment had failed to do; but my friend's faith was so strong that I was induced to purchase a bottle of KOPTICA, and commenced to take it in accordance with the directions. I did so much in the same spirit that a drowning man grasps at a straw, but feeling sure, from what my friend told me, that it could not do me any harm I did it to relieve me. Judge then my surprise and gratitude when I found that within three days I was entirely free from pain, and have not since had a return. I was, of course, delighted, and lost no time in spreading the news amongst my own circle. One lady suffered from Neuralgia; I sent her a bottle of KOPTICA, and when next I met her her face was radiant with joy at the relief it had afforded her. Another friend, a gentleman, suffered from Rheumatism, and I sent him a bottle, with a similar result. I could enumerate quite a dozen similar instances within my own knowledge, besides many cases that I have heard of from others. With regard to myself, my knee has been entirely free since the time I refer to—now more than three years since: I felt a slight symptom in one of the toes of my right foot about three months ago, but a few doses of KOPTICA soon set that right; and I am now as active and energetic as a man of my age could expect to be. The experience I have endeavoured to describe has quite convinced me that KOPTICA is a thoroughly genuine and reliable remedy, at all events for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and kindred complaints."

THESE ARE THE SORT OF LETTERS WE RECEIVE DAILY.

"SPLENDID REMEDY."

7, Newhall-street, Birmingham;  
May 20, 1889.

"Mr. Boardman will thank you to kindly send some KOPTICA to Miss Alice Fairman, 61, Brighton-road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. Stamps enclosed. This makes the third bottle sent through me in a week—SPLENDID REMEDY."

"WANTS ANOTHER BOTTLE."

"Heathland-road, near Leighton Buzzard, Beds;  
June 4, 1889.  
"Dear Sir,—Will you please forward me another bottle of your excellent medicine, KOPTICA? I am pleased to say my wife, after being laid up for three weeks, was able yesterday to walk up the garden without the help of anyone—the result of one bottle of your KOPTICA. Please send by return of post, as the other is nearly gone.—Yours truly,  
"JAMES FOSSEY."

"MARVELLOUS EFFECT."

"St. John's Church, Grove-street, London, E.;  
August 12, 1889.  
"Gentlemen,—I am happy to inform you that the bottles of KOPTICA which you kindly presented to me for the sick poor of this parish have been used with the best effect, in one instance with quite a marvellous effect: the patient, suffering from neuralgia, very soon enjoyed his first night's rest for months, and was completely relieved.—I am, yours faithfully,  
"DANIEL RADFORD."

"AFTER TEN YEARS' PAIN AND MISERY."

"144, Colegrave-road, Stratford;  
Sept. 30, 1889.  
"Gentlemen.—Your remedy KOPTICA has proved a blessing to me, and no doubt will to numerous others. I have given it a month's trial, after ten years of pain and misery, brought about by kidney and liver troubles, the poison settling in my limbs. All other advertised remedies of no avail.—Yours respectfully,  
"MCCAUSLAND."

We have said enough to show that KOPTICA must not be confounded with the many bogus nostrums which are a cruel imposition upon the public, but that it is a genuine remedy which ought to be in every household for use when required; for it is without doubt the best and most reliable medicine of the age for the diseases named.

Ask your Chemist for KOPTICA, and if he has not got it in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; if not, send stamps, and 2*d.* extra for postage, to the Sole Proprietors,

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(Regd.)

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"A scent of surpassing delicacy, richness, and lasting quality."—Court Journal.

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PRINCE (loq.) *This, your Majesty, is the celebrated Bushmills Whisky which you tasted in England, and liked so much. I feel sure it will get the Gold Medal.*

The Prince was right! **BUSHMILLS** has obtained the *ONLY* GOLD MEDAL.

**BUSHMILLS WHISKY** is absolutely pure, nothing but the best malted barley being used in the manufacture.

**BUSHMILLS WHISKY** is very old and thoroughly matured.

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ASPINALL'S ENAMEL.  
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This foolish Bird tried unsuccessfully to imitate the Peacock, and was laughed at by all the birds in the Poultry Yard.

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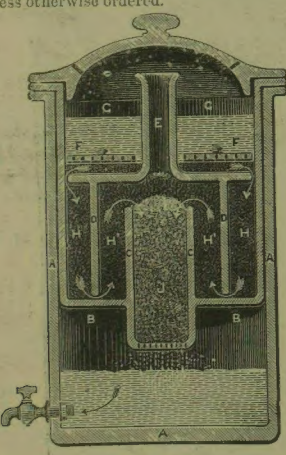
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It is strongly recommended by the Medical Profession and experts on water, as the most scientifically perfect filter ever offered to the public. It is also as easy to clean as an ordinary vegetable dish, as there are no corks, screws, or joints of any kind.

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PRICES:—  
ENAMELLED STONEWARE FILTER, EACH—  
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The Filter is also made in all the usual forms and designs and in the various kinds of stoneware, and may be inspected at the Offices of the

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To secure this Article, please ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

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